EVELINA.

Vol. II.

Mortimer inv.t et delin.

Walker sculp.t

T. Lowndes Published Nov.r 24 1779.

EVELINA.

Vol. II.

Mortimer inv.t et delin.

Walker sculp.t

T. Lowndes Published Nov.r 24 1779.

243 c 9

EVELINA,

OR,

THE HISTORY

OF

A YOUNG LADY'S

ENTRANCE

INTO THE

WORLD.

A NEW EDITION.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
Printed for T. and W. LOWNDES,
N° 77, in FLEET-STREET.

M,DCC,LXXXIII.

EVELINA,

OR,

THE HISTORY

EVELINA.

A YOUNG LADY

ENTRANCE

LETTER I.

Evelina to the Rev. Mr. Villars.

WORLD.

Howard Grove, Kent, May 10.

OUR house has been enlivened to-day, by the arrival of a London visitor; and the necessity I have been under of concealing the uneasiness of my mind, has made me exert myself so effectually, that I even think it is nearly diminished; or, at least, my thoughts are not so totally, so very anxiously occupied by our only subject, as they lately were.

I was strolling this morning with Mr. Mirvan, [illegible]

EVELINA.

LETTER I.

Evelina to the Rev. Mr. Villars.

Howard Grove, Kent, May 10.

OUR house has been enlivened to-day, by the arrival of a London visitor; and the neceſſity I have been under of concealing the uneaſineſs of my mind, has made me exert myſelf ſo effectually, that I even think it is really diminiſhed; or, at leaſt, my thoughts are not ſo totally, ſo very anxiouſly occupied by one only ſubject, as they lately were.

I was ſtrolling this morning with Miſs Mirvan, down a lane about a mile from the grove, when we heard the trampling of

horſes; and, fearing the narrowneſs of the paſſage, we were turning haſtily back, but ſtopped upon hearing a voice call out, "Pray, Ladies, don't be frightened, for I will walk my horſe." We turned again, and then ſaw Sir Clement Willoughby. He diſmounted, and approaching us, with the reins in his hand, preſently recollected us. "Good Heaven," cried he, with his uſual quickneſs, "do I ſee Miſs Anville?—and you too, Miſs Mirvan?"

He immediately ordered his ſervant to take charge of his horſe, and then, advancing to us, took a hand of each, which he preſſed to his lips, and ſaid a thouſand fine things concerning his good fortune, our improved looks, and the charms of the country, when inhabited by ſuch rural deities. "The town, Ladies, has languiſhed ſince your abſence,—or, at leaſt, I have ſo much languiſhed myſelf, as to be abſolutely inſenſible to all it had to offer. One refreſhing breeze, ſuch as I now enjoy, awakens me to new vigour, life, and ſpirit. But I never before had the good luck to ſee the country in ſuch perfection."

"Has not almoſt every body left town, Sir?" ſaid Miſs Mirvan.

"I am aſhamed to anſwer you, Madam—but indeed it is as full as ever, and will

continue

continue ſo, till after the birth-day. However, you Ladies were ſo little ſeen, that there are but few who know what it has loſt. For my own part, I felt it too ſenſibly, to be able to endure the place any longer."

"Is there any body remaining there, that we were acquainted with?" cried I.

"O yes, Ma'am." And then he named two or three perſons we have ſeen when with him; but he did not mention Lord Orville, and I would not aſk him, leſt he ſhould think me curious. Perhaps, if he ſtays here ſome time, he may ſpeak of him by accident.

He was proceeding in this complimentary ſtyle, when we were met by the Captain; who no ſooner perceived Sir Clement, than he haſtened up to him, gave him a hearty ſhake of the hand, a cordial ſlap on the back, and ſome other equally gentle tokens of ſatisfaction, aſſuring him of his great joy at his viſit, and declaring he was as glad to ſee him as if he had been a meſſenger who brought news that a French ſhip was ſunk. Sir Clement, on the other ſide, expreſſed himſelf with equal warmth, and proteſted he had been ſo eager to pay his reſpects to Captain Mirvan, that he had left London in its full luſtre, and a

thouſand engagements unanſwered, merely to give himſelf that pleaſure.

"We ſhall have rare ſport," ſaid the Captain, "for do you know the old Frenchwoman is among us? 'Fore George, I have ſcarce made any uſe of her yet, by reaſon I have had nobody with me that could enjoy a joke: howſomever, it ſhall go hard but we'll have ſome diverſion now."

Sir Clement very much approved of the propoſal; and we then went into the houſe, where he had a very grave reception from Mrs. Mirvan, who is by no means pleaſed with his viſit, and a look of much diſcontent from Madame Duval, who ſaid to me, in a low voice, "I'd as ſoon have ſeen Old Nick as that man, for he's the moſt impertinenteſt perſon in the world, and is n't never of my ſide."

The Captain is now actually occupied in contriving ſome ſcheme which, he ſays, is *to play the old Dowager off*; and ſo eager and delighted is he at the idea, that he can ſcarcely reſtrain his raptures ſufficiently to conceal his deſign, even from herſelf. I wiſh, however, ſince I do not dare put Madame Duval upon her guard, that he had the delicacy not to acquaint me with his intention.

LETTER

LETTER II.

Evelina in continuation.

May 13th.

THE Captain's operations are begun, —and, I hope, ended: for indeed, poor Madame Duval has already but too much reaſon to regret Sir Clement's viſit to Howard Grove.

Yeſterday morning, during breakfaſt, as the Captain was reading the news-paper, Sir Clement ſuddenly begged to look at it, ſaying he wanted to know if there was any account of a tranſaction, at which he had been preſent the evening before his journey hither, concerning a poor Frenchman, who had got into a ſcrape which might coſt him his life.

The Captain demanded particulars; and then Sir Clement told a long ſtory, of being with a party of country friends, at the Tower, and hearing a man call out for mercy in French; and that when he enquired into the occaſion of his diſtreſs, he was informed, that he had been taken up upon ſuſpicion of treaſonable practices againſt the government. "The poor fellow," continued he, "no ſooner found that I ſpoke French, than he beſought me

to hear him, protesting that he had no evil designs; that he had been but a short time in England, and only waited the return of a Lady from the country, to quit it for ever."

Madame Duval changed colour, and listened with the utmost attention.

"Now, though I by no means approve of so many foreigners continually flocking into our country," added he, addressing himself to the Captain, "yet I could not help pitying the poor wretch, because he did not know enough of English to make his defence: however, I found it impossible to assist him, for the mob would not suffer me to interfere. In truth, I am afraid he was but roughly handled."

"Why, did they duck him?" said the Captain.

"Something of that sort," answered he.

"So much the better! so much the better!" cried the Captain, "an impudent French puppy!—I'll bet you what you will he was a rascal. I only wish all his countrymen were served the same."

"I wish you had been in his place, with all my soul!" cried Madame Duval, warmly;—"but pray, Sir, did n't nobody know who this poor gentleman was?"

"Why,

"Why, I did hear his name," anſwered Sir Clement, "but I cannot recollect it."

"It was n't,—it was n't—Du Bois?" ſtammered out Madame Duval.

"The very name!" anſwered he, "yes, Du Bois, I remember it now."

Madame Duval's cup fell from her hand, as ſhe repeated "Du Bois! Monſieur Du Bois, did you ſay?"

"Du Bois! why that's *my* friend," cried the Captain, "that's *Monſeer Slippery*, i'n't it?—Why he's plaguy fond of ſouſing work; howſomever, I'll be ſworn they gave him his fill of it."

"And I'll be ſworn," cried Madame Duval, "that you're a—but I don't believe nothing about it, ſo you need n't be ſo overjoyed, for I dare ſay it was no more Monſieur Du Bois than I am."

"I thought at the time," ſaid Sir Clement, very gravely, "that I had ſeen the gentleman before, and now I recollect, I think it was in company with you, Madam."

"With *me*, Sir!" cried Madame Duval.

"Say you ſo!" ſaid the Captain, "why then, it muſt be he, as ſure as you're alive!—Well but, my good friend, what will they do with poor *Mouſeer*?"

"It is difficult to ſay," anſwered Sir Clement, very thoughtfully, "but I ſhould ſuppoſe, that if he has not good friends to appear for him, he will be in a very unpleaſant ſituation; for theſe are ſerious ſort of affairs."

"Why do you think they'll hang him?" demanded the Captain.

Sir Clement ſhook his head, but made no anſwer.

Madame Duval could no longer contain her agitation; ſhe ſtarted from her chair, repeating, with a voice half choaked, "Hang him!—they can't,—they ſhan't,—let them at their peril!—however, it's all falſe, and I won't believe a word of it;—but I'll go to town this very moment, and ſee M. Du Bois myſelf;—I won't wait for nothing."

Mrs. Mirvan begged her not to be alarmed; but ſhe flew out of the room, and up ſtairs into her own apartment. Lady Howard blamed both the gentlemen for having been ſo abrupt, and followed her. I would have accompanied her, but the Captain ſtopped me; and, having firſt laughed very heartily, ſaid he was going to read his commiſſion to his ſhip's company.

"Now, do you ſee," ſaid he, "as to Lady Howard, I ſha'nt pretend for to enliſt her into my ſervice, and ſo I ſhall e'en leave

leave her to make it out as well as she can; but as to all you, I expect obedience and submission to orders: I am now upon a hazardous expedition, having undertaken to convoy a crazy vessel to the shore of Mortification; so, d'ye see, if any of you have any thing to propose, that will forward the enterprize,—why speak and welcome; but if any of you, that are of my cholen crew, capitulate, or enter into any treaty with the enemy,—I shall look upon you as mutinying, and turn you adrift.

Having finished this harangue, which was interlarded with many expressions, and sea-phrases, that I cannot recollect, he gave Sir Clement a wink of intelligence, and left us to ourselves.

Indeed, notwithstanding the attempts I so frequently make of writing some of the Captain's conversation, I can only give you a faint idea of his language; for almost every other word he utters, is accompanied by an oath, which, I am sure, would be as unpleasant for you to read, as for me to write. And, besides, he makes use of a thousand sea-terms, which are to me quite unintelligible.

Poor Madame Duval sent to enquire at all probable places, whether she could be conveyed to town in any stage-coach: but the Captain's servant brought her for answer,

swer, that no London stage would pass near Howard Grove till to-day. She then sent to order a chaise; but was soon assured, that no horses could be procured. She was so much inflamed by these disappointments, that she threatened to set out for town on foot, and it was with difficulty that Lady Howard dissuaded her from this mad scheme.

The whole morning was filled up with these enquiries. But, when we were all assembled to dinner, she endeavoured to appear perfectly unconcerned, and repeatedly protested that she gave not any credit to the report, as far as it regarded M. Du Bois, being very certain that he was not the person in question.

The Captain used the most provoking efforts to convince her that she deceived herself; while Sir Clement, with more art, though not less malice, affected to be of her opinion; but, at the same time that he pretended to relieve her uneasiness, by saying that he doubted not having mistaken the name, he took care to enlarge upon the danger to which the *unknown gentleman* was exposed, and expressed great concern at his perilous situation.

Dinner was hardly removed, when a letter was delivered to Madame Duval. The moment she had read it, she hastily demanded

manded from whom it came? "A country boy brought it," answered the servant, "but he would not wait."

"Run after him this instant!" cried she, "and be sure you bring him back. *Mon Dieu! quel avanture! que ferai-je?*"

"What's the matter? what's the matter?" said the Captain.

"Why nothing,—nothing's the matter. *O mon Dieu!*"

And she rose, and walked about the room.

"Why, what—has *Monseer* sent to you?" continued the Captain: "is that there letter from him?"

"No,—it isn't;—besides, if it is, it's nothing to you."

"O then, I'm sure it is! Pray now, Madame, don't be so close; come, tell us all about it,—what does he say? how did he relish the horse-pond?—which did he find best, fousing *single* or *double*?—'Fore George, 'twas plaguy unlucky you was not with him!"

"It's no such a thing, Sir," cried she, very angrily, "and if you're so very fond of a horse-pond, I wish you'd put yourself into one, and not be always a thinking about other people's being served so."

The man then came in, to acquaint her they could not overtake the boy. She scolded

ſcolded violently, and was in ſuch perturbation, that Lady Howard interfered, and begged to know the cauſe of her uneaſineſs, and whether ſhe could aſſiſt her?

Madame Duval caſt her eyes upon the Captain and Sir Clement, and ſaid ſhe ſhould be glad to ſpeak to her Ladyſhip, without ſo many witneſſes.

"Well, then, Miſs Anville," ſaid the Captain, turning to me, "do you and Molly go into another room, and ſtay there till Mrs. Duval has opened her mind to us."

"So you may think, Sir," cried ſhe, "but who's fool then? no, no, you need n't trouble yourſelf to make a ninny of me neither, for I'm not ſo eaſily taken in, I'll aſſure you."

Lady Howard then invited her into the dreſſing-room, and I was deſired to attend her.

As ſoon as we had ſhut the door, "O my Lady," exclaimed Madame Duval, "here's the moſt cruelleſt thing in the world has happened!—but that Captain is ſuch a beaſt, I can't ſay nothing before him,—but it's all true! poor M. Du Bois is cooked up!"

Lady Howard begged her to be comforted, ſaying that, as M. Du Bois was certainly

tainly innocent, there could be no doubt of his ability to clear himself.

"To be ſure, my Lady," anſwered ſhe, "I know he is innocent; and to be ſure they'll never be ſo wicked as to hang him for nothing?"

"Certainly not," replied Lady Howard, "you have no reaſon to be uneaſy. This is not a country where puniſhment is inflicted without proof."

"Very true, my Lady; but the worſt thing is this; I cannot bear that that fellow, the Captain, ſhould know about it; for if he does, I ſha'n't never hear the laſt of it;—no more won't poor M. Du Bois."

"Well, well," ſaid Lady Howard, "ſhew me the letter, and I will endeavour to adviſe you."

The letter was then produced. It was ſigned by the clerk of a country juſtice; who acquainted her, that a priſoner, then upon trial for ſuſpicion of treaſonable practices againſt the government, was juſt upon the point of being committed to jail, but having declared that he was known to her, this clerk had been prevailed upon to write, in order to enquire if ſhe really could ſpeak to the character and family of a Frenchman who called himſelf Pierre Du Bois.

When

When I heard the letter, I was quite amazed at its ſucceſs. So improbable did it ſeem, that a foreigner ſhould be taken before a *country* juſtice of peace, for a crime of ſo dangerous a nature, that I cannot imagine how Madame Duval could be alarmed, even for a moment. But, with all her violence of temper, I ſee that ſhe is eaſily frightened, and, in fact, more cowardly than many who have not half her ſpirit; and ſo little does ſhe reflect upon circumſtances, or probability, that ſhe is continually the dupe of her own—I ought not to ſay *ignorance*, but yet, I can think of no other word.

I believe that Lady Howard, from the beginning of the tranſaction, ſuſpected ſome contrivance of the Captain, and this letter, I am ſure, muſt confirm her ſuſpicion: however, though ſhe is not at all pleaſed with his frolick, yet ſhe would not hazard the conſequence of diſcovering his deſigns: her looks, her manner, and her character, made me draw this concluſion from her apparent perplexity; for not a word did ſhe ſay, that implied any doubt of the authenticity of the letter. Indeed there ſeems to be a ſort of tacit agreement between her and the Captain, that ſhe ſhould not appear to be acquainted with his ſchemes; by

by which means she at once avoids quarrels, and supports her dignity.

While she was considering what to propose, Madame Duval begged to have the use of her Ladyship's chariot, that she might go immediately to the assistance of her friend. Lady Howard politely assured her, that it would be extremely at her service; and then Madame Duval besought her not to own to the Captain what had happened, protesting that she could not endure he should know poor M. du Bois had met with so unfortunate an accident. Lady Howard could not help smiling, though she readily promised not to *inform* the Captain of the affair. As to me, she desired my attendance; which I was by no means rejoiced at, as I was certain she was going upon a fruitless errand.

I was then commissioned to order the chariot.

At the foot of the stairs I met the Captain, who was most impatiently waiting the result of the conference. In an instant we were joined by Sir Clement. A thousand enquiries were then made concerning Madame Duval's opinion of the letter, and her intentions upon it: and when I would have left them, Sir Clement, pretending equal eagerness with the Captain, caught my hand, and repeatedly detained me, to ask

some

ſome frivolous queſtion, to the anſwer of which he muſt be totally indifferent. At length, however, I broke from them; they retired into the parlour, and I executed my commiſſion.

The carriage was ſoon ready, and Madame Duval having begged Lady Howard to ſay ſhe was not well, ſtole ſoftly down ſtairs, deſiring me to follow her. The chariot was ordered at the garden door; and when we were ſeated, ſhe told the man, according to the clerk's directions, to drive to Mr. Juſtice Tyrell's, aſking, at the ſame time, how many miles off he lived?

I expected he would have anſwered, that he knew of no ſuch perſon; but, to my great ſurpriſe, he ſaid, "Why 'Squire Tyrell lives about nine miles beyond the park."

"Drive faſt, then," cried ſhe, "and you ſha'n't be no worſe for it."

During our ride, which was extremely tedious, ſhe tormented herſelf with a thouſand fears for M. Du Bois' ſafety; and piqued herſelf very much upon having eſcaped unſeen by the Captain, not only that ſhe avoided his triumph, but becauſe ſhe knew him to be ſo much M. Du Bois' enemy, that ſhe was ſure he would prejudice the Juſtice againſt him, and endeavour to take away his life. For my part,

I was

I was quite aſhamed of being engaged in ſo ridiculous an affair, and could only think of the abſurd appearance we ſhould make upon our arrival at Mr. Tyrell's.

When we had been out near two hours, and expected every moment to ſtop at the place of our deſtination, I obſerved that Lady Howard's ſervant, who attended us on horſeback, rode on forward till he was out of ſight, and ſoon after returning, came up to the chariot-window, and delivering a note to Madame Duval, ſaid he had met a boy, who was juſt coming with it to Howard Grove, from the Clerk of Mr. Tyrell.

While ſhe was reading it, he rode round to the other window, and, making a ſign for ſecrecy, put into my hand a ſlip of paper, on which was written, "Whatever happens, be not alarmed,—for *you* are ſafe,—though you endanger all mankind!"

I readily imagined that Sir Clement muſt be the author of this note, which prepared me to expect ſome diſagreeable adventure: but I had no time to ponder upon it, for Madame Duval had no ſooner read her own letter, than, in an angry tone of voice, ſhe exclaimed, "Why now what a thing is this! here we're come all this way for nothing!"

She

She then gave me the note, which informed her, that she need not trouble herself to go to Mr. Tyrell's, as the prisoner had had the address to escape. I congratulated her upon this fortunate incident; but she was so much concerned at having rode so far in vain, that she seemed less pleased than provoked. However, she ordered the man to make what haste he could home, as she hoped, at least, to return before the Captain should suspect what had passed.

The carriage turned about, and we journeyed so quietly for near an hour, that I began to flatter myself we should be suffered to proceed to Howard Grove without further molestation, when suddenly, the footman called out, "John, are we going right?"

"Why, I a'n't sure," said the coachman, "but I'm afraid we turned wrong."

"What do you mean by that, Sirrah?" said Madame Duval, "why if you lose your way, we shall be all in the dark."

"I think we should turn to the left," said the footman.

"To the left!" answered the other, "No, no, I'm partly sure we should turn to the right."

"You had better make some enquiry," said I.

"Ma

"*Ma foi*," cried Madame Duval, "we're in a fine hole, here!—they neither of them know no more than the poſt. However, I'll tell my Lady, as ſure as you're born, ſo you'd better find the way."

"Let's try this lane," ſaid the footman.

"No," ſaid the coachman, "that's the road to Canterbury; we had beſt go ſtraight on."

"Why that's the direct London road," returned the footman, "and will lead us twenty miles about."

"*Pardi*," cried Madame Duval, "why they won't go one way nor t'other! and, now we're come all this jaunt for nothing, I ſuppoſe we ſhan't get home to-night!"

"Let's go back to the public-houſe," ſaid the footman, "and aſk for a guide."

"No, no," ſaid the other, "if we ſtay here a few minutes, ſomebody or other will paſs by: and the horſes are almoſt knocked up already."

"Well, I proteſt," cried Madame Duval, "I'd give a guinea to ſee them ſots both horſe-whipped! As ſure as I'm alive, they're drunk! Ten to one but they'll overturn us next!"

After much debating, they, at length, agreed to go on, till we came to ſome inn, or met with a paſſenger who could direct us. We ſoon arrived at a ſmall farm-houſe, and

and the footman alighted, and went into it.

In a few minutes he returned, and told us we might proceed, for that he had procured a direction; "But," added he, "it seems there are some thieves hereabouts; and so the best way will be for you to leave your watches and purses with the farmer, who I know very well, and who is an honest man, and a tenant of my Lady's."

"Thieves!" cried Madame Duval, looking aghast, "the Lord help us!—I've no doubt but we shall be all murdered!"

The farmer came up to us, and we gave him all we were worth, and the servants followed our example. We then proceeded, and Madame Duval's anger so entirely subsided, that, in the mildest manner imaginable, she intreated them to make haste, and promised to tell their Lady how diligent and obliging they had been. She perpetually stopped them, to ask if they apprehended any danger; and was, at length, so much overpowered by her fears, that she made the footman fasten his horse to the back of the carriage, and then come and seat himself within it. My endeavours to encourage her were fruitless; she sat in the middle, held the man by the arm, and protested that if he did but save her life, she would

make his fortune. Her uneaſineſs gave me much concern, and it was with the utmoſt difficulty I forbore to acquaint her that ſhe was impoſed upon; but the mutual fear of the Captain's reſentment to me, and of her own to him, neither of which would have any moderation, deterred me. As to the footman, he was evidently in torture from reſtraining his laughter, and I obſerved that he was frequently obliged to make moſt horrid grimaces, from pretended fear, in order to conceal his riſibility.

Very ſoon after, "The robbers are coming!" cried the coachman.

The footman opened the door, and jumped out of the chariot.

Madame Duval gave a loud ſcream.

I could no longer preſerve my ſilence. "For Heaven's ſake, my dear Madam," ſaid I, "don't be alarmed,—you are in no danger—you are quite ſafe,—there is nothing but—"

Here the chariot was ſtopped, by two men in maſks, who, at each ſide, put in their hands, as if for our purſes. Madame Duval ſunk to the bottom of the chariot, and implored their mercy. I ſhrieked involuntarily, although prepared for the attack: one of them held me faſt, while the

other tore poor Madame Duval out of the carriage, in ſpite of her cries, threats, and reſiſtance.

I was really frightened, and trembled exceedingly. "My angel!" cried the man who held me, "you cannot ſurely be alarmed,—do you not know me?—I ſhall hold myſelf in eternal abhorrence, if I have really terrified you."

"Indeed, Sir Clement, you have," cried I,—"but, for Heaven's ſake, where is Madame Duval?—why is ſhe forced away?"

"She is perfectly ſafe; the Captain has her in charge: but ſuffer me now, my adored Miſs Anville, to take the only opportunity that is allowed me, to ſpeak upon another, a much dearer, much ſweeter ſubject."

And then he haſtily came into the chariot, and ſeated himſelf next to me. I would fain have diſengaged myſelf from him, but he would not let me; "Deny me not, moſt charming of women," cried he, "deny me not this only moment that is lent me, to pour forth my ſoul into your gentle ears,—to tell you how much I ſuffer from your abſence,—how much I dread your diſpleaſure,—and how cruelly I am affected by your coldneſs!"

"O Sir,

"O Sir, this is no time for ſuch language, — pray leave me, pray go to the relief of Madame Duval,—I cannot bear that ſhe ſhould be treated with ſuch indignity."

"And will you,—can you command my abſence?—When may I ſpeak to you, if not now? — does the Captain ſuffer me to breathe a moment out of his ſight?—and are not a thouſand impertinent people for ever at your elbow."

"Indeed, Sir Clement, you muſt change your ſtyle, or I will not hear you. The *impertinent people* you mean, are among my beſt friends, and you would not, if you really wiſhed me well, ſpeak of them ſo diſreſpectfully."

"Wiſh you well! — O Miſs Anville, point but out to me how, in what manner I may convince you of the fervour of my paſſion,—tell me but what ſervices you will accept from me, — and you ſhall find my life, my fortune, my whole ſoul at your devotion."

"I want *nothing*, Sir, that you can offer;—I beg you not to talk to me ſo—ſo ſtrangely. Pray leave me, and pray aſſure yourſelf, you cannot take any method ſo ſucceſsleſs to ſhew any regard for me, as entering into ſchemes ſo frightful to Ma-

dame Duval, and ſo diſagreeable to myſelf."

"The ſcheme was the Captain's; I even oppoſed it: though, I own, I could not refuſe myſelf the ſo-long-wiſhed-for happineſs, of ſpeaking to you once more, without ſo many of—your *friends* to watch me. And I had flattered myſelf, that the note I charged the footman to give you would have prevented the alarm you have received."

"Well, Sir, you have now, I hope, ſaid enough; and, if you will not go yourſelf to ſee for Madame Duval, at leaſt ſuffer *me* to enquire what is become of her."

"And when may I ſpeak to you again?"

"No matter when,—I don't know,—perhaps—"

"Perhaps what, my angel?"

"Perhaps *never*, Sir,—if you torment me thus."

"Never! O Miſs Anville, how cruel, how piercing to my ſoul is that icy word!—Indeed, I cannot endure ſuch diſpleaſure."

"Then, Sir, you muſt not provoke it. Pray leave me directly."

"I will, Madam: but let me, at leaſt, make a merit of my obedience,—allow me to hope that you will, in future, be leſs averſe

averſe to truſting yourſelf for a few moments alone with me."

I was ſurpriſed at the freedom of this requeſt; but, while I heſitated how to anſwer it, the other maſk came up to the chariot-door, and, in a voice almoſt ſtifled with laughter, ſaid, "I've done for her!—the old buck is ſafe;—but we muſt ſheer off directly, or we ſhall be all aground."

Sir Clement inſtantly left me, mounted his horſe, and rode off. The Captain, having given ſome directions to the ſervants, followed him.

I was both uneaſy and impatient to know the fate of Madame Duval, and immediately got out of the chariot to ſeek her. I deſired the footman to ſhew me which way ſhe was gone; he pointed with his finger, by way of anſwer, and I ſaw that he dared not truſt his voice to make any other. I walked on, a very quick pace, and ſoon, to my great conſternation, perceived the poor lady, ſeated upright in a ditch. I flew to her, with unfeigned concern at her ſituation. She was ſobbing, nay, almoſt roaring, and in the utmoſt agony of rage and terror. As ſoon as ſhe ſaw me, ſhe redoubled her cries, but her voice was ſo broken, I could not underſtand a word ſhe ſaid. I was ſo much ſhocked, that it was with

difficulty I forbore exclaiming againſt the cruelty of the Captain, for thus wantonly ill-treating her; and I could not forgive myſelf for having paſſively ſuffered the deception. I uſed my utmoſt endeavours to comfort her, aſſuring her of our preſent ſafety, and begging her to riſe, and return to the chariot.

Almoſt burſting with paſſion, ſhe pointed to her feet, and with frightful violence, ſhe actually beat the ground with her hands.

I then ſaw, that her feet were tied together with a ſtrong rope, which was faſtened to the upper branch of a tree, even with an hedge which ran along the ditch where ſhe ſat. I endeavoured to untie the knot, but ſoon found it was infinitely beyond my ſtrength. I was, therefore, obliged to apply to the footman; but being very unwilling to add to his mirth, by the ſight of Madame Duval's ſituation, I deſired him to lend me a knife; I returned with it, and cut the rope. Her feet were ſoon diſentangled, and then, though with great difficulty, I aſſiſted her to riſe. But what was my aſtoniſhment, when, the moment ſhe was up, ſhe hit me a violent ſlap on the face! I retreated from her with precipitation and dread, and ſhe then loaded me with reproaches, which, though almoſt unintelligible, convinced me that ſhe imagined I had

I had voluntarily deſerted her; but ſhe ſeemed not to have the ſlighteſt ſuſpicion that ſhe had not been attacked by real robbers.

I was ſo much ſurpriſed and confounded at the blow, that, for ſome time, I ſuffered her to rave without making any anſwer; but her extreme agitation, and real ſuffering, ſoon diſpelled my anger, which all turned into compaſſion. I then told her, that I had been forcibly detained from following her, and aſſured her of my real ſorrow at her ill uſage.

She began to be ſomewhat appeaſed; and I again entreated her to return to the carriage, or give me leave to order that it ſhould draw up to the place where we ſtood. She made no anſwer, till I told her, that the longer we remained ſtill, the greater would be the danger of our ride home. Struck with this hint, ſhe ſuddenly, and with haſty ſteps, moved forward.

Her dreſs was in ſuch diſorder, that I was quite ſorry to have her figure expoſed to the ſervants, who all of them, in imitation of their maſter, hold her in deriſion: however, the diſgrace was unavoidable.

The ditch, happily, was almoſt quite dry, or ſhe muſt have ſuffered ſtill more ſeriouſly; yet, ſo forlorn, ſo miſerable a

figure, I never before ſaw. Her head-dreſs had fallen off; her linen was torn; her negligee had not a pin left in it; her petticoats ſhe was obliged to hold on; and her ſhoes were perpetually ſlipping off. She was covered with dirt, weeds, and filth, and her face was really horrible, for the pomatum and powder from her head, and the duſt from the road, were quite *paſted* on her ſkin by her tears, which, with her *rouge*, made ſo frightful a mixture, that ſhe hardly looked human.

The ſervants were ready to die with laughter, the moment they ſaw her; but not all my remonſtrances could prevail upon her to get into the carriage, till ſhe had moſt vehemently reproached them both, for not reſcuing her. The footman, fixing his eyes on the ground, as if fearful of again truſting himſelf to look at her, proteſted that the robbers had vowed they would ſhoot him, if he moved an inch, and that one of them had ſtayed to watch the chariot, while the other carried her off; adding, that the reaſon of their behaving ſo barbarouſly, was to revenge our having ſecured our purſes. Notwithſtanding her anger, ſhe gave immediate credit to what he ſaid, and really imagined that her want of money had irritated the pretended robbers to treat her with ſuch cruelty. I determined,

termined, therefore, to be carefully upon my guard, not to betray the impoſition, which could now anſwer no other purpoſe, than occaſioning an irreparable breach between her and the Captain.

Juſt as we were ſeated in the chariot, ſhe diſcovered the loſs which her head had ſuſtained, and called out, "My God! what is becomed of my hair?—why the villain has ſtole all my curls!"

She then ordered the man to run and ſee if he could find any of them in the ditch. He went, and preſently returning, produced a great quantity of hair, in ſuch a naſty condition, that I was amazed ſhe would take it; and the man, as he delivered it to her, found it impoſſible to keep his countenance; which ſhe no ſooner obſerved, than all her ſtormy paſſions were again raiſed. She flung the battered curls in his face, ſaying, "Sirrah, what do you grin for? I wiſh you'd been ſerved ſo yourſelf, and you would n't have found it no ſuch joke: you are the impudenteſt fellow ever I ſee, and if I find you dare grin at me any more, I ſhall make no ceremony of boxing your ears."

Satisfied with the threat, the man haſtily retired, and we drove on.

Her anger now ſubſiding into grief, ſhe began moſt ſorrowfully to lament her caſe.

"I believe," ſhe cried, "never nobody was ſo unlucky as I am! and ſo here, becauſe I ha'nt had misfortunes enough already, that puppy has made me loſe my curls!—Why, I can't ſee nobody without them:—only look at me,—I was never ſo bad off in my life before. *Pardi*, if I'd know'd as much, I'd have brought two or three ſets with me: but I'd never a thought of ſuch a thing as this."

Finding her now ſomewhat pacified, I ventured to aſk an account of her adventure, which I will endeavour to write in her own words.

"Why, child, all this misfortune comes of that puppy's making us leave our money behind us; for as ſoon as the robber ſee I did not put nothing in his hands, he lugged me out of the chariot by main force, and I verily thought he'd have murdered me. He was as ſtrong as a lion; I was no more in his hands than a child. But I believe never nobody was ſo abuſed before, for he dragged me down the road, pulling and hawling me all the way, as if I'd no more feeling than a horſe. I'm ſure I wiſh I could ſee that man cut up and quartered alive! however, he'll come to the gallows, that's one good thing. So, as ſoon as we'd got out of ſight of the chariot,—though he need n't have been afraid, for

for if he'd beat me to a mummy, thoſe cowardly fellows would n't have ſaid nothing to it.—So, when I was got there, what does he do, but, all of a ſudden, he takes me by both the ſhoulders, and he gives me ſuch a ſhake!—*Mon Dieu!* I ſhall never forget it, if I live to be an hundred. I'm ſure I dare ſay I'm out of joint all over. And, though I made as much noiſe as ever I could, he took no more notice of it than nothing at all, but there he ſtood, ſhaking me in that manner, as if he was doing it for a wager. I'm determined, if it coſts me all my fortune, I'll ſee that villain hanged. He ſhall be found out, if there's e'er a juſtice in England. So when he had ſhook me till he was tired, and I felt all over like a jelly, without ſaying never a word, he takes and pops me into the ditch! I'm ſure I thought he'd have murdered me, as much as I ever thought any thing in my life, for he kept bumping me about, as if he thought nothing too bad for me. However, I'm reſolved I'll never leave my purſe behind me again, the longeſt day I have to live. So when he could n't ſtand over me no longer, he holds out his hands again for my money; but he was as cunning as could be, for he would n't ſpeak a word, becauſe I ſhould n't ſwear to his voice; however,

that ſha'nt ſave him, for I'll ſwear to him any day in the year, if I can but catch him. So, when I told him I had no money, he fell to jerking me again, juſt as if he had but that moment begun! And, after that, he got me cloſe by a tree, and out of his pocket he pulls a great cord!—It's a wonder I did not ſwoon away, for as ſure as you're alive, he was going to hang me to that tree. I ſcreamed like any thing mad, and told him if he would but ſpare my life, I'd never proſecute him, nor tell nobody what he'd done to me: ſo he ſtood ſome time, quite in a brown ſtudy, a thinking what he ſhould do. And ſo, after that, he forced me to ſit down in the ditch, and he tied my feet together, juſt as you ſee them, and then, as if he had not done enough, he twitched off my cap, and, without ſaying nothing, got on his horſe, and left me in that condition, thinking, I ſuppoſe, that I might lie there and periſh."

Though this narrative almoſt compelled me to laugh, yet I was really irritated with the Captain, for carrying his love of tormenting,—*ſport*, he calls it,—to ſuch barbarous and unjuſtifiable extremes. I conſoled and ſoothed her as well as I was able, and told her that, ſince M. Du Bois had eſcaped,

eſcaped, I hoped when ſhe recovered from her fright, all would end well.

"Fright, child!" repeated ſhe, "why that's not half;—I promiſe you, I wiſh it was; but here I'm bruiſed from top to toe, and it's well if ever I have the right uſe of my limbs again. However, I'm glad the villain got nothing but his trouble for his pains. But here the worſt is to come, for I can't go out, becauſe I've got no curls, and ſo he'll be eſcaped, before I can get to the Juſtice to ſtop him. I'm reſolved I'll tell Lady Howard how her man ſerved me, for if he had n't made me fling 'em away, I dare ſay I could have pinned them up well enough for the country."

"Perhaps Lady Howard may be able to lend you a cap that will wear without them."

"Lady Howard, indeed! why, do you think I'd wear one of her dowdies? No, I'll promiſe you, I ſha'n't put on no ſuch diſguiſement. It's the unluckieſt thing in the world that I did not make the man pick up the curls again; but he put me in ſuch a paſſion, I could not think of nothing. I know I can't get none at Howard Grove for love nor money, for of all the ſtupid places ever I ſee, that Howard Grove is the worſt! there's never no getting nothing one wants."

This ſort of converſation laſted till we arrived at our journey's end; and then, a new diſtreſs occurred; Madame Duval was eager to ſpeak to Lady Howard and Mrs. Mirvan, and to relate her misfortunes, but ſhe could not endure that Sir Clement or the Captain ſhould ſee her in ſuch diſorder, for ſhe ſaid they were ſo ill-natured, that inſtead of pitying her, they would only make a jeſt of her diſaſters. She therefore ſent me firſt into the houſe, to wait for an opportunity of their being out of the way, that ſhe might ſteal up ſtairs unobſerved. In this I ſucceeded, as the gentlemen thought it moſt prudent not to ſeem watching for her; though they both contrived to divert themſelves with peeping at her as ſhe paſſed.

She went immediately to bed, where ſhe had her ſupper. Lady Howard and Mrs. Mirvan both of them very kindly ſat with her, and liſtened to her tale with compaſſionate attention; while Miſs Mirvan and I retired to our own room, where I was very glad to end the troubles of the day in a comfortable converſation.

The Captain's raptures, during ſupper, at the ſucceſs of his plan, were boundleſs. I ſpoke, afterwards, to Mrs. Mirvan, with the openneſs which her kindneſs encouraged, and begged her to remonſtrate with him

him upon the cruelty of tormenting Madame Duval ſo cauſeleſsly. She promiſed to take the firſt opportunity of ſtarting the ſubject, but ſaid he was, at preſent, ſo much elated that he would not liſten to her with any patience. However, ſhould he make any new efforts to moleſt her, I can by no means conſent to be paſſive. Had I imagined he would have been ſo violent, I would have riſked his anger in her defence much ſooner.

She has kept her bed all day, and declares ſhe is almoſt bruiſed to death.

Adieu, dear Sir. What a long letter have I written! I could almoſt fancy I ſent it you from London!

LETTER III.

Evelina in continuation.

Howard Grove, May 15th.

THIS inſatiable Captain, if left to himſelf, would not, I believe, reſt, till he had tormented Madame Duval into a fever. He ſeems to have no delight but in terrifying or provoking her, and all his thoughts apparently turn upon inventing

ſuch methods as may do it moſt effectually.

She had her breakfaſt again in bed yeſterday morning; but during ours, the Captain, with a very ſignificant look at Sir Clement, gave us to underſtand, that he thought ſhe had now reſted long enough to bear the hardſhips of a freſh campaign.

His meaning was obvious, and, therefore, I reſolved to endeavour immediately to put a ſtop to his intended exploits. When breakfaſt was over, I followed Mrs. Mirvan out of the parlour, and begged her to loſe no time in pleading the cauſe of Madame Duval with the Captain. "My love," anſwered ſhe, "I have already expoſtulated with him; but all I can ſay is fruitleſs, while his favourite Sir Clement contrives to urge him on."

"Then I will go and ſpeak to Sir Clement," ſaid I, "for I know he will deſiſt, if I requeſt him."

"Have a care, my dear!" ſaid ſhe, ſmiling, "it is ſometimes dangerous to make requeſts to men, who are too deſirous of receiving them."

"Well then, my dear Madam, will you give me leave to ſpeak myſelf to the Captain?"

"Willingly; nay, I will accompany you to him."

I thanked

I thanked her, and we went to ſeek him. He was walking in the garden with Sir Clement. Mrs. Mirvan moſt obligingly made an opening for my purpoſe, by ſaying, "Mr. Mirvan, I have brought a petitioner with me."

"Why what's the matter now?" cried he.

I was fearful of making him angry, and ſtammered very much, when I told him, I hoped he had no new plan for alarming Madame Duval.

"*New* plan!" cried he, "why, you don't ſuppoſe the *old* one would do again, do you? Not but what it was a very good one, only I doubt ſhe would n't bite."

"Indeed, Sir," ſaid I, "ſhe has already ſuffered too much, and I hope you will pardon me, if I take the liberty of telling you, that I think it my duty to do all in my power to prevent her being again ſo much terrified."

A ſullen gloomineſs inſtantly clouded his face, and, turning ſhort from me, he ſaid, I might do as I pleaſed, but that I ſhould much ſooner repent than repair my officiouſneſs.

I was too much diſconcerted at this rebuff, to attempt making any anſwer, and, finding that Sir Clement warmly eſpouſed my cauſe, I walked away, and left them to diſcuſs the point together.

Mrs. Mirvan, who never ſpeaks to the Captain

Captain when he is out of humour, was glad to follow me, and with her uſual ſweetneſs, made a thouſand apologies for her huſband's ill-manners.

When I left her, I went to Madame Duval, who was juſt riſen, and employed in examining the cloaths ſhe had on the day of her ill uſage.

"Here's a ſight!" cried ſhe. "Come here, child,—only look—*Pardi*, ſo long as I've lived, I never ſee ſo much before! Why, all my things are ſpoilt, and, what's worſe, my ſacque was as good as new. Here's the ſecond negligee I've had uſed in this manner!—I am ſure I was a fool to put it on, in ſuch a loneſome place as this; however, if I ſtay here theſe ten years, I'll never put on another good gown, that I'm reſolved."

"Will you let the maid try if ſhe can iron it out, or clean it, Ma'am?

"No, ſhe'll only make bad worſe.—But look here, now, here's a cloak! *Mon Dieu!* why, it looks like a diſh-clout! Of all the unluckineſſes, that ever I met, this is the worſt! for, do you know, I bought it but the day before I left Paris?—Beſides, into the bargain, my cap's quite gone; where the villain twitched it, I don't know, but I never ſee no more of it, from that time to this. Now you muſt know this was the becomingeſt cap I had in the world,

world, for I've never another with pink ribbon in it; and, to tell you the truth, if I had n't thought to have ſeen M. Du Bois, I'd no more have put it on than I'd have flown; for as to what one wears in ſuch a ſtupid place as this, it ſignifies no more than nothing at all."

She then told me, that ſhe had been thinking all night of a contrivance to hinder the Captain from finding out her loſs of curls; which was, having a large gauze handkerchief pinned on her head as a hood, and ſaying ſhe had the tooth-ach.

"To tell you the truth," added ſhe, "I believe that Captain is one of the worſt men in the world; he's always making a joke of me; and as to his being a gentleman, he has no more manners than a bear, for he's always upon the grin when one's in diſtreſs; and, I declare, I'd rather be done any thing to than laugh'd at, for, to my mind, it's one or other the diſagreeableſt thing in the world."

Mrs. Mirvan, I found, had been endeavouring to diſſuade her from the deſign ſhe had formed, of having recourſe to the law, in order to find out the ſuppoſed robbers; for ſhe dreads a diſcovery of the Captain, during Madame Duval's ſtay at Howard Grove, as it could not fail being productive of infinite commotion.

tion. She has, therefore, taken great pains to ſhew the inutility of applying to juſtice, unleſs ſhe were more able to deſcribe the offenders againſt whom ſhe would appear, and has aſſured her, that as ſhe neither heard their voices, nor ſaw their faces, ſhe cannot poſſibly ſwear to their perſons, or obtain any redreſs.

Madame Duval, in telling me this, extremely lamented her hard fate, that ſhe was thus prevented from revenging her injuries; which, however, ſhe vowed ſhe would not be perſuaded to *pocket tamely*, "becauſe," added ſhe, "if ſuch villains as theſe are let to have their own way, and nobody takes no notice of their impudence, they'll make no more ado than nothing at all of tying people in ditches, and ſuch things as that: however, I ſhall conſult with M. Du Bois, as ſoon as I can ferret out where he's hid himſelf. I'm ſure I've a right to his advice, for it's all along of his gaping about at the Tower that I've met with theſe misfortunes."

"M. Du Bois," ſaid I, "will, I am ſure, be very ſorry when he hears what has happened."

"And what good will that do now?—that won't unſpoil all my cloaths; I can tell him, I a'n't much obliged to him, though it's no fault of his;—yet it i'n't the

the leſs provokinger for that. I'm ſure, if he had been there, to have ſeen me ſerved in that manner, and put neck and heels into a ditch, he'd no more have thought it was me, than the Pope of Rome. I'll promiſe you, whatever you may think of it, I ſha'n't have no reſt, night nor day, till I find out that rogue."

"I have no doubt, Madam, but you will ſoon diſcover him."

"*Pardi*, if I do, I'll hang him, as ſure as fate!—but what's the oddeſt, is that he ſhould take ſuch a 'ſpecial ſpite againſt *me*, above all the reſt! it was as much for nothing, as could be, for I don't know what I had done, ſo particular bad, to be uſed in that manner: I'm ſure, I had n't given him no offence, as I know of, for I never ſee his face all the time; and as to ſcreaming a little, I think it's very hard if one muſt n't do ſuch a thing as that, when one's put in fear of one's life."

During this converſation, ſhe endeavoured to adjuſt her head-dreſs, but could not at all pleaſe herſelf. Indeed, had I not been preſent, I ſhould have thought it impoſſible for a woman at her time of life to be ſo very difficult in regard to dreſs. What ſhe may have in view, I cannot imagine, but the labour of the toilette ſeems the chief buſineſs of her life.

When

When I left her, in my way down ſtairs, I met Sir Clement, who, with great earneſtneſs, ſaid he muſt not be denied the honour of a moment's converſation with me; and then, without waiting for an anſwer, he led me to the garden, at the door of which, however, I abſolutely inſiſted upon ſtopping.

He ſeemed very ſerious, and ſaid, in a grave tone of voice, "At length, Miſs Anville, I flatter myſelf I have hit upon an expedient that will oblige you, and therefore, though it is death to myſelf, I will put it in practice."

I begged him to explain himſelf.

"I ſaw your deſire of ſaving Madame Duval, and ſcarce could I refrain giving the brutal Captain my real opinion of his ſavage conduct; but I am unwilling to quarrel with him, leſt I ſhould be denied entrance into a houſe which you inhabit: I have been endeavouring to prevail with him to give up his abſurd new ſcheme, but I find him impenetrable:—I have therefore determined to make a pretence for ſuddenly leaving this place, dear as it is to me, and containing all I moſt admire and adore;—and I will ſtay in town till the violence of this boobyiſh humour is abated."

He ſtopped; but I was ſilent, for I knew not what I ought to ſay. He took my hand,

hand, which he preſſed to his lips, ſaying, "And muſt I, then, Miſs Anville, muſt I quit you—ſacrifice voluntarily my greateſt felicity,—and yet not be honoured with one word, one look of approbation?"

I withdrew my hand, and ſaid, with a half laugh, "You know ſo well, Sir Clement, the value of the favours you confer, that it would be ſuperfluous for me to point it out."

"Charming, charming girl! how does your wit, your underſtanding riſe upon me daily! and muſt I, can I part with you?—will no other method—"

"O Sir, do you ſo ſoon repent the good office you had planned for Madame Duval?"

"For Madame Duval!—cruel creature, and will you not even ſuffer me to place to your account the ſacrifice I am about to make?"

"You muſt place it, Sir, to what account you pleaſe; but I am too much in haſte now to ſtay here any longer."

And then I would have left him, but he held me, and, rather impatiently, ſaid, "If, then, I cannot be ſo happy as to oblige *you*, Miſs Anville, you muſt not be ſurpriſed, ſhould I ſeek to oblige myſelf. If my ſcheme is not honoured with your approbation, for which alone it was form-

ed,

ed, why ſhould I, to my own infinite diſ-ſatisfaction, purſue it?"

We were then, for a few minutes, both ſilent; I was really unwilling he ſhould give up a plan which would ſo effectually break into the Captain's deſigns, and, at the ſame time, ſave me the pain of diſo-bliging him; and I ſhould inſtantly and thankfully have accepted his offered civi-lity, had not Mrs. Mirvan's caution made me fearful. However, when he preſſed me to ſpeak, I ſaid, in an ironical voice, "I had thought, Sir, that the very ſtrong ſenſe you have yourſelf of the favour you propoſe to me, would ſufficiently have re-paid you, but, as I was miſtaken, I muſt thank you myſelf. - And now," making a low court'ſy, "I hope, Sir, you are ſa-tisfied."

"Loveliеſt of thy ſex—" he began, but I forced myſelf from him, and ran up ſtairs.

Soon after, Miſs Mirvan told me that Sir Clement had juſt received a letter, which obliged him inſtantly to leave the Grove, and that he had actually ordered a chaiſe. I then acquainted her with the real ſtate of the affair. Indeed, I conceal nothing from her; ſhe is ſo gentle and ſweet-tempered, that it gives me great pleaſure to place an entire confidence in her.

At dinner, I muſt own, we all miſſed him; for though the ſlightineſs of his behaviour to me, when we are by ourſelves, is very diſtreſſing, yet, in large companies, and general converſation, he is extremely entertaining and agreeable. As to the Captain, he has been ſo much chagrined at his departure, that he has ſcarce ſpoken a word ſince he went: but Madame Duval, who made her firſt public appearance ſince her accident, was quite in raptures that ſhe eſcaped ſeeing him.

The money, which we left at the farm-houſe, has been returned to us. What pains the Captain muſt have taken to arrange and manage the adventures which he choſe we ſhould meet with! Yet he muſt certainly be diſcovered, for Madame Duval is already very much perplexed, at having received a letter this morning from M. Du Bois, in which he makes no mention of his impriſonment. However, ſhe has ſo little ſuſpicion, that ſhe imputes his ſilence upon the ſubject, to his fears that the letter might be intercepted.

Not one opportunity could I meet with, while Sir Clement was here, to enquire after his friend Lord Orville: but I think it was ſtrange he ſhould never mention him unaſked. Indeed, I rather wonder that Mrs. Mirvan herſelf did not introduce the

ſubject,

ſubject, for ſhe always ſeemed particularly attentive to him.

And now, once more, all my thoughts involuntarily turn upon the letter I ſo ſoon expect from Paris. This viſit of Sir Clement has, however, ſomewhat diverted my fears, and therefore I am very glad he made it at this time. Adieu, my dear Sir.

LETTER IV.

Sir John Belmont to Lady Howard.

Paris, May 11.

Madam,

I Have this moment the honour of your Ladyſhip's letter, and I will not wait another, before I return an anſwer.

It ſeldom happens that a man, though extolled as a ſaint, is really without blemiſh; or that another, though reviled as a devil, is really without humanity. Perhaps the time is not very diſtant, when I may have the honour to convince your Ladyſhip of this truth, in regard to Mr. Villars and myſelf.

As to the young lady, whom Mr. Villars ſo obligingly propoſes preſenting to me, I wiſh her all the happineſs to which, by your

Ladyſhip's

Ladyſhip's account, ſhe ſeems entitled; and, if ſhe has a third part of the merit of *her* to whom you compare her, I doubt not but Mr. Villars will be more ſucceſsful in every other application he may make for her advantage, than he can ever be in any with which he may be pleaſed to favour me.

I have the honour to be,
Madam,
your Ladyſhip's moſt humble
and moſt obedient ſervant,
JOHN BELMONT.

LETTER V.

Evelina to the Rev. Mr. Villars.

Howard Grove, May 18.

WELL, my dear Sir, all is now over! the letter ſo anxiouſly expected, is at length arrived, and my doom is fixed. The various feelings which oppreſs me, I have not language to deſcribe; nor need I,—you know my heart, you have yourſelf formed it,—and its ſenſations upon this occaſion, you may but too readily imagine.

Outcaſt as I am, and rejected for ever by him to whom I of right belong,—ſhall I now implore *your* continued protection?—no, no,—I will not offend your generous heart, which, open to diſtreſs, has no wiſh but to relieve it, with an application that would ſeem to imply a doubt. I am more ſecure than ever of your kindneſs, ſince you now know upon that is my ſole dependance.

I endeavour to bear this ſtroke with compoſure, and in ſuch a manner as if I had already received your counſel and conſolation. Yet, at times, my emotions are almoſt too much for me. O Sir, what a letter for a parent to write! muſt I not myſelf be deaf to the voice of Nature, if I could endure to be thus abſolutely abandoned, without regret? I dare not even to you, nor would I, could I help it, to myſelf, acknowledge all that I think: for, indeed, I have ſometimes ſentiments upon this rejection, which my ſtrongeſt ſenſe of duty can ſcarcely correct. Yet, ſuffer me to aſk,—might not this anſwer have been ſoftened?—was it not enough to diſclaim me for ever, without treating me with contempt, and wounding me with deriſion?

But, while I am thus thinking of myſelf, I forget how much more he is the object of ſorrow, than I am! Alas, what amends can he

he make himſelf, for the anguiſh he is hoarding up for time to come! My heart bleeds for him, whenever this reflection occurs to me.

What is ſaid of *you*, my protector, my friend, my benefactor!—I dare not truſt myſelf to comment upon. Gracious Heaven! what a return for goodneſs ſo unparalleled!

I would fain endeavour to divert my thoughts from this ſubject, but even that is not in my power; for, afflicting as this letter is to me, I find that it will not be allowed to conclude the affair, though it does all my expectations: for Madame Duval has determined not to let it reſt here. She heard the letter in great wrath, and proteſted ſhe would not be ſo eaſily anſwered; ſhe regretted her facility in having been prevailed upon to yield the direction of this affair to thoſe who knew not how to manage it, and vowed ſhe would herſelf undertake and conduct it in future.

It is in vain that I have pleaded againſt her reſolution, and beſought her to forbear an attack, where ſhe has nothing to expect but reſentment; eſpecially as there ſeems to be a hint, that Lady Howard will one day be more openly dealt with: ſhe will not hear me; ſhe is furiouſly bent upon a project which is terrible to think of,—for ſhe

means to go herself to Paris, take me with her, and there, *face to face*, demand justice!

How to appease or to persuade her, I know not; but for the universe would I not be dragged, in such a manner, to an interview so awful, with a parent I have never yet beheld!

Lady Howard and Mrs. Mirvan are both of them infinitely shocked at the present situation of affairs, and they seem to be even more kind to me than ever; and my dear Maria, who is the friend of my heart, uses her utmost efforts to console me, and, when she fails in her design, with still greater kindness, she sympathises in my sorrow.

I very much rejoice, however, that Sir Clement Willoughby had left us before this letter arrived. I am sure the general confusion of the house would, otherwise, have betrayed to him the whole of a tale which I now, more than ever, wish to have buried in oblivion.

Lady Howard thinks I ought not to disoblige Madame Duval, yet she acknowledges the impropriety of my accompanying her abroad upon such an enterprize. Indeed I would rather die, than force myself into his presence. But so vehement is Madame Duval, that she would instantly have compelled me to attend her to town, in her way to Paris, had not Lady Howard so far exerted

exerted herſelf, as to declare ſhe could by no means conſent to my quitting her houſe, till ſhe gave me up to you, by whoſe permiſſion I had entered it.

She was extremely angry at this denial; and the Captain, by his ſneers and raillery, ſo much encreaſed her rage, that ſhe has poſitively declared, ſhould your next letter diſpute her authority to guide me by her own pleaſure, ſhe will, without heſitation, make a journey to Berry Hill, and *teach you to know who ſhe is.*

Should ſhe put this threat in execution, nothing could give me greater uneaſineſs, for her violence and volubility would almoſt diſtract you.

Unable as I am to act for myſelf, or to judge what conduct I ought to purſue, how grateful do I feel myſelf, that I have ſuch a guide and director to counſel and inſtruct me as yourſelf!

Adieu, my deareſt Sir! Heaven, I truſt, will never let me live to be repulſed and derided by *you*, to whom I may now ſign myſelf

Wholly your

EVELINA.

LETTER VI.

Mr. Villars to Evelina.

Berry Hill, May 21.

LET not my Evelina be depreſſed by a ſtroke of fortune for which ſhe is not reſponſible. No breach of duty on your part, has incurred the unkindneſs which has been ſhewn you; nor have you, by any act of imprudence, provoked either cenſure or reproach. Let me entreat you, therefore, my deareſt child, to ſupport yourſelf with that courage which your innocency ought to inſpire; and let all the affliction you allow yourſelf, be for him only, who, not having that ſupport, muſt one day be but too ſeverely ſenſible how much he wants it.

The hint thrown out concerning myſelf, is wholly unintelligible to me: my heart, I dare own, fully acquits me of vice, but *without blemiſh*, I have never ventured to pronounce myſelf. However, it ſeems his intention to be hereafter more explicit, and *then*,—ſhould any thing appear, that has on *my* part, contributed to thoſe misfortunes we lament, let me, at leaſt, ſay, that the moſt partial of my friends cannot be ſo much

much aſtoniſhed as I ſhall myſelf be, at ſuch a diſcovery.

The mention, alſo, of any *future applications* I may make, is equally beyond my comprehenſion. But I will not dwell upon a ſubject which almoſt compels from me reflections that cannot but be wounding to a heart ſo formed for filial tenderneſs as my Evelina's. There is an air of myſtery throughout the letter, the explanation of which I will await in ſilence.

The ſcheme of Madame Duval is ſuch as might be reaſonably expected from a woman ſo little inured to diſappointment, and ſo totally incapable of conſidering the delicacy of your ſituation. Your averſeneſs to her plan gives me pleaſure, for it exactly correſponds with my own. Why will ſhe not make the journey ſhe projects by herſelf? She would not have even the wiſh of an oppoſition to encounter. And then, once more, might my child and myſelf be left to the quiet enjoyment of that peaceful happineſs, which ſhe alone has interrupted. As to her coming hither, I could, indeed, diſpenſe with ſuch a viſit; but, if ſhe will not be ſatisfied with my refuſal by letter, I muſt ſubmit to the taſk of giving it her in perſon.

My impatience for your return is encreaſed by your account of Sir Clement

Willoughby's visit to Howard Grove. I am but little surprised at the perseverance of his assiduities to interest you in his favour; but I am very much hurt that you should be exposed to addresses, which, by their privacy, have an air that shocks me. You cannot, my love, be too circumspect; the slightest carelessness on your part, will be taken advantage of, by a man of his disposition. It is not sufficient for you to be reserved; his conduct even calls for your resentment: and should he again, as will doubtless be his endeavour, contrive to solicit your favour in private, let your disdain and displeasure be so marked, as to constrain a change in his behaviour. Though, indeed, should his visit be repeated while you remain at the Grove, Lady Howard must pardon me if I shorten yours.

Adieu, my child. You will always make my respects to the hospitable family to which we are so much obliged.

LETTER

LETTER VII.

Mr. Villars to Lady Howard.

Berry Hill, May 27.

Dear Madam,

I Believe your Ladyſhip will not be ſurpriſed at hearing I have had a viſit from Madame Duval, as I doubt not her having made known her intention before ſhe left Howard Grove. I would gladly have excuſed myſelf this meeting, could I have avoided it decently; but, after ſo long a journey, it was not poſſible to refuſe her admittance.

She told me, that ſhe came to Berry Hill, in conſequence of a letter I had ſent to her grand-daughter, in which I had forbid her going to Paris. Very roughly, ſhe then called me to account for the authority which I aſſumed; and, had I been diſpoſed to have argued with her, ſhe would very angrily have diſputed the right by which I uſed it. But I declined all debating. I therefore liſtened very quietly, till ſhe had ſo much fatigued herſelf with talking, that ſhe was glad, in her turn, to be ſilent. And then, I begged to know the purport of her viſit.

She answered, that she came to make me relinquish the power I had usurped over her grand-daughter, and assured me she would not quit the place till she succeeded.

But I will not trouble your Ladyship with the particulars of this disagreeable conversation; nor should I, but on account of the result, have chosen so unpleasant a subject for your perusal. However, I will be as concise as I possibly can, that the better occupations of your Ladyship's time may be the less impeded.

When she found me inexorable in refusing Evelina's attending her to Paris, she peremptorily insisted, that she should, at least, live with her in London, till Sir John Belmont's return. I remonstrated against this scheme with all the energy in my power; but the contest was vain; she lost her patience, and I my time. She declared that if I was resolute in opposing her, she would instantly make a will, in which she would leave all her fortune to strangers, though, otherwise, she intended her grand-daughter for her sole heiress.

To me, I own, this threat seemed of little consequence; I have long accustomed myself to think, that, with a competency, of which she is sure, my child might be as happy as in the possession of millions: but the incertitude of her future fate deters me from

from following implicitly the dictates of my present judgment. The connections she may hereafter form, the ſtile of life for which ſhe may be deſtined, and the future family to which ſhe may belong, are conſiderations which give but too much weight to the menaces of Madame Duval. In ſhort, Madam, after a diſcourſe infinitely tedious, I was obliged, though very reluctantly, to compromiſe with this ungovernable woman, by conſenting that Evelina ſhould paſs one month with her.

I never made a conceſſion with ſo bad a grace, or ſo much regret. The violence and vulgarity of this woman, her total ignorance of propriety, the family to which ſhe is related, and the company ſhe is likely to keep, are objections ſo forcible to her having the charge of this dear child, that nothing leſs than my diffidence of the right I have of depriving her of ſo large a fortune, would have induced me to liſten to her propoſal. Indeed we parted, at laſt, equally diſcontented, ſhe, at what I had refuſed, I, at what I had granted.

It now only remains for me to return your Ladyſhip my humble acknowledgements for the kindneſs which you have ſo liberally ſhewn to my ward: and to beg you would have the goodneſs to part with her, when Madame Duval thinks proper

to claim the promise which she has extorted from me. I am,

Dear Madam, &c.

ARTHUR VILLARS.

LETTER VIII.

Mr. Villars to Evelina.

Berry Hill, May 28.

WITH a reluctance which occasions me inexpressible uneasiness, I have been almost compelled to consent that my Evelina should quit the protection of the hospitable and respectable Lady Howard, and accompany Madame Duval to a city which I had hoped she would never again have entered. But alas, my dear child, we are the slaves of custom, the dupes of prejudice, and dare not stem the torrent of an opposing world, even though our judgments condemn our compliance! however, since the die is cast, we must endeavour to make the best of it.

You will have occasion, in the course of the month you are to pass with Madame Duval, for all the circumspection and prudence you can call to your aid: she will not,

not, I know, propoſe any thing to you which ſhe thinks wrong herſelf; but you muſt learn not only to *judge* but to *act* for yourſelf: if any ſchemes are ſtarted, any engagements made, which your underſtanding repreſents to you as improper, exert yourſelf reſolutely in avoiding them, and do not, by a too paſſive facility, riſk the cenſure of the world, or your own future regret.

You cannot too aſſiduouſly attend to Madame Duval herſelf; but I would wiſh you to mix as little as poſſible with her aſſociates, who are not likely to be among thoſe whoſe acquaintance would reflect credit upon you. Remember, my dear Evelina, nothing is ſo delicate as the reputation of a woman: it is, at once, the moſt beautiful and moſt brittle of all human things.

Adieu, my beloved child; I ſhall be but ill at eaſe till this month is elapſed.

A. V.

LETTER

LETTER IX.

Evelina to the Rev. Mr. Villars.

London, June 6.

ONCE more, my dearest Sir, I write to you from this great city. Yesterday morning, with the truest concern, I quitted the dear inhabitants of Howard Grove, and most impatiently shall I count the days till I see them again. Lady Howard and Mrs. Mirvan took leave of me with the most flattering kindness; but indeed I knew not how to part with Maria, whose own apparent sorrow redoubled mine. She made me promise to send her a letter every post. And I shall write to her with the same freedom, and almost the same confidence, you allow me to make use of to yourself.

The Captain was very civil to me, but he wrangled with poor Madame Duval to the last moment; and, taking me aside, just before we got into the chaise, he said, "Hark'ee, Miss Anville, I've a favour for to ask of you, which is this; that you will write us word how the old gentlewoman finds herself, when she sees it was all a trick; and what the French lubber says to it, and all about it."

I an-

I anſwered that I would obey him, though I was very little pleaſed with the commiſſion, which, to me, was highly improper; but he will either treat me as an *informer*, or make me a party in his frolic.

As ſoon as we drove away, Madame Duval, with much ſatisfaction, exclaimed "*Dieu merci*, we've got off at laſt! I'm ſure I never deſire to ſee that place again. It's a wonder I've got away alive; for I believe I've had the worſt luck ever was known, from the time I ſet my foot upon the threſhold. I know I wiſh I'd never a gone. Beſides, into the bargain, it's the moſt dulleſt place in all Chriſtendom: there's never no diverſions, nor nothing at all."

Then ſhe bewailed M. Du Bois, concerning whoſe adventures ſhe continued to make various conjectures during the reſt of our journey.

When I aſked her what part of London ſhe ſhould reſide in, ſhe told me that Mr. Branghton was to meet us at an inn, and would conduct us to a lodging. Accordingly, we proceeded to a houſe in Biſhopſgate-ſtreet, and were led by a waiter into a room where we found Mr. Branghton.

He received us very civilly, but ſeemed rather ſurpriſed at ſeeing me, ſaying, "Why

I did

I did n't think of your bringing Miss; however she's very welcome."

"I'll tell you how it was," said Madame Duval; "you must know I've a mind to take the girl to Paris, that she may see something of the world, and improve herself a little; besides, I've another reason, that you and I will talk more about; but do you know, that meddling old parson as I told you of, would not let her go: however, I'm resolved I'll be even with him, for I shall take her on with me, without saying never a word more to nobody."

I started at this intimation, which very much surprised me. But I am very glad she has discovered her intention, as I shall be carefully upon my guard not to venture from town with her.

Mr. Branghton then hoped we had passed our time agreeably in the country.

"O Lord, Cousin," cried she, "I've been the miserablest creature in the world! I'm sure all the horses in London sha'n't drag me into the country again of one while: why how do you think I've been served?—only guess."

"Indeed, Cousin, I can't pretend to do that."

"Why then I'll tell you. Do you know, I've been robbed!—that is, the villain

villain would have robbed me if he could, only I'd secured all my money."

"Why then, Cousin, I think your loss can't have been very great."

"O Lord, you don't know what you're a saying; you're talking in the unthinkingest manner in the world: why it was all along of not having no money, that I met with that misfortune."

"How's that, Cousin? I don't see what great misfortune you can have met with, if you'd secured all your money."

"That's because you don't know nothing of the matter; for there the villain came to the chaise, and because we had n't got nothing to give him, though he'd no more right to our money than the man in the moon, yet, do you know, he fell into the greatest passion ever you see, and abused me in such a manner, and put me in a ditch, and got a rope, o' purpose to hang me, and I'm sure, if that was n't misfortune enough, why I don't know what is."

"This is a hard case indeed, Cousin. But why don't you go to Justice Fielding?"

"O, as to that, I'm a going to him directly; but only I want first to see poor M. Du Bois, for the oddest thing of all is, that he has wrote to me, and never said nothing of where he is, nor what's become of him, nor nothing else."

"M. Du

"M. Du Bois! why he's at my house at this very time."

"M. Du Bois at your house! well, I declare this is the surprisingest part of all! however, I assure you, I think he might have comed for me, as well as you, considering what I have gone through on his account; for, to tell you the truth, it was all along of him that I met with that accident; so I don't take it very kind of him, I promise you."

"Well but, Cousin, tell me some of the particulars of this affair."

"As to the particulars, I'm sure they'd make your hair stand an end to hear them; however, the beginning of it all was through the fault of M. Du Bois: but I'll assure you, he may take care of himself in future, since he don't so much as come to see if I'm dead or alive;—but there I went for him to a justice of peace, and rode all out of the way, and did every thing in the world, and was used worse than a dog, and all for the sake of serving of him, and now, you see, he don't so much—well, I was a fool for my pains,—however, he may get somebody else to be treated so another time, for if he's taken up every day in the week, I'll never go after him no more!"

This occasioned an explanation, in the course of which Madame Duval, to her utter

utter amazement, heard that M. Du Bois had never left London during her abſence! nor did Mr. Branghton believe that he had ever been to the Tower, or met with any kind of accident.

Almoſt inſtantly, the whole truth of the tranſaction ſeemed to *ruſh upon her mind*, and her wrath was inconceivably violent. She aſked me a thouſand queſtions in a breath, but, fortunately, was too vehement to attend to my embarraſſment, which muſt, otherwiſe, have betrayed my knowledge of the deceit. Revenge was her firſt wiſh, and ſhe vowed ſhe would go the next morning to Juſtice Fielding, and enquire what puniſhment ſhe might lawfully inflict upon the Captain for his aſſault.

I believe we were an hour in Biſhopſgate-ſtreet, before poor Madame Duval could allow any thing to be mentioned but her own ſtory; at length, however, Mr. Branghton told her, that M. Du Bois, and all his own family, were waiting for her at his houſe. A hackney-coach was then called, and we proceeded to Snow-hill.

Mr. Branghton's houſe is ſmall and inconvenient, though his ſhop, which takes in all the ground floor, is large and commodious. I believe I told you before that he is a ſilver-ſmith.

We

We were conducted up two pair of ſtairs, for the dining-room, Mr. Branghton told us was *let*. His two daughters, their brother, M. Du Bois, and a young man, were at tea. They had waited ſome time for Madame Duval, but I found they had not any expectation that I ſhould accompany her; and the young ladies, I believe, were rather more ſurpriſed than pleaſed when I made my appearance, for they ſeemed hurt that I ſhould ſee their apartment. Indeed I would willingly have ſaved them that pain, had it been in my power.

The firſt perſon who ſaw me was M. Du Bois. "*Ah, Mon Dieu!* exclaimed he, "*voilà Mademoiſelle!*"

"Goodneſs," cried young Branghton, "if there is n't Miſs!"

"Lord, ſo there is," ſaid Miſs Polly; "well, I'm ſure I ſhould never have dreamed of Miſs's coming."

"Nor I neither, I'm ſure," cried Miſs Branghton, "or elſe I would not have been in this room to ſee her; I'm quite aſhamed about it,—only not thinking of ſeeing any body but my aunt—however, Tom, it's all your fault, for you know very well I wanted to borrow Mr. Smith's room, only you were ſo *grumpy* you would not let me."

"Lord,

"Lord, what ſignifies?" ſaid the brother, "I dare be ſworn Miſs has been up two pair of ſtairs before now;—Ha'n't you, Miſs?"

I begged that I might not give them the leaſt diſturbance, and aſſured them that I had not any choice in regard to what room we ſat in.

"Well," ſaid Miſs Polly, "when you come next, Miſs, we'll have Mr. Smith's room; and it's a very pretty one, and only up one pair of ſtairs, and nicely furniſhed, and every thing."

"To ſay the truth," ſaid Miſs Branghton, "I thought that my couſin would not, upon any account, have come to town in the ſummer-time; for it's not at all the *faſhion*,—ſo, to be ſure, thinks I, ſhe'll ſtay till September, when the play-houſes open."

This was my reception, which I believe you will not call a very *cordial* one. Madame Duval, who, after having ſeverely reprimanded M. Du Bois for his negligence, was juſt entering upon the ſtory of her misfortunes, now wholly engaged the company.

M. Du Bois liſtened to her with a look of the utmoſt horror, repeatedly lifting up his eyes and hands, and exclaiming, "*O ciel! quel barbare!*" The young ladies gave her

her the moſt earneſt attention; but their brother, and the young man, kept a broad grin upon their faces during the whole recital. She was, however, too much engaged to obſerve them: but, when ſhe mentioned having been tied in a ditch, young Branghton, no longer able to conſtrain himſelf, burſt into a loud laugh, declaring that he had never heard any thing ſo *funny* in his life! His laugh was heartily re-echoed by his friend; the Miſs Branghtons could not reſiſt the example; and poor Madame Duval, to her extreme amazement, was abſolutely overpowered and ſtopped by the violence of their mirth.

For ſome minutes the room ſeemed quite in an uproar; the rage of Madame Duval, the aſtoniſhment of Mr. Du Bois, and the angry interrogatories of Mr. Branghton, on one ſide; the convulſive tittering of the ſiſters, and the loud laughs of the young men, on the other, occaſioned ſuch noiſe, paſſion, and confuſion, that had any one ſtopped an inſtant on the ſtairs, he muſt have concluded himſelf in Bedlam. At length, however, the father brought them to order; and, half-laughing, half-frightened, they made Madame Duval ſome very awkward apologies. But ſhe would not be prevailed upon to continue her narrative,

till they had proteſted they were laughing at the Captain, and not at her. Appeaſed by this, ſhe reſumed her ſtory; which, by the help of ſtuffing handkerchiefs into their mouths, the young people heard with tolerable decency.

Every body agreed, that the ill uſage the Captain had given her was *actionable*, and Mr. Branghton ſaid he was ſure ſhe might recover what damages ſhe pleaſed, ſince ſhe had been put in fear of her life.

She then, with great delight declared, that ſhe would loſe no time in ſatisfying her revenge, and vowed ſhe would not be contented with leſs than half his fortune: "For though," ſaid ſhe, "I don't put no value upon the money, becauſe, *Dieu merci*, I ha'n't no want of it, yet I don't wiſh for nothing ſo much as to puniſh that fellow; for, I'm ſure, whatever's the cauſe of it, he owes me a great *grudge*, and I know no more what it's for than you do, but he's always been doing me one ſpite or other, ever ſince I knew him."

Soon after tea, Miſs Branghton took an opportunity to tell me, in a whiſper, that the young man I ſaw was a lover of her ſiſter's, that his name was Brown, and that he was a haberdaſher, with many other particulars of his circumſtances and family; and then ſhe declared her utter averſion to

the

the thoughts of ſuch a match; but added, that her ſiſter had no manner of ſpirit or ambition, though, for her part, ſhe would ten times rather die an old maid, than marry any perſon but a gentleman. "And, for that matter," added ſhe, "I believe Polly herſelf don't care much for him, only ſhe's in ſuch a hurry, becauſe, I ſuppoſe, ſhe's a mind to be married before me; however, ſhe's very welcome, for, I'm ſure, I don't care a pin's point whether I ever marry at all;—it's all one to me."

Some time after this, Miſs Polly contrived to tell *her* ſtory. She aſſured me, with much tittering, that her ſiſter was in a great fright, leſt ſhe ſhould be married firſt, "So I make her believe that I will," continued ſhe, "for I love dearly to plague her a little; though, I declare, I don't intend to have Mr. Brown in reality; I'm ſure I don't like him half well enough,—do you, Miſs?"

"It is not poſſible for me to judge of his merits," ſaid I, "as I am entirely a ſtranger to him."

"But what do you think of him, Miſs?"

"Why, really, I—I don't know—"

"But do you think him handſome? Some people reckon him to have a good pretty perſon,—but, I'm ſure, for my part, I think

I think he's monſtrous ugly:—don't *you*, Miſs?"

"I am no judge,—but I think his perſon is very—very well."

"*Very well!*—Why, pray, Miſs," in a tone of vexation, "what fault can you find with it?"

"O, none at all!"

"I'm ſure you muſt be very ill-natured if you could. Now there's Biddy ſays ſhe thinks nothing of him,—but I know it's all out of ſpite. You muſt know, Miſs, it makes her as mad as can be, that I ſhould have a lover before her; but ſhe's ſo proud that nobody will court her, and I often tell her ſhe'll die an old maid. But, the thing is, ſhe has taken it into her head, to have a liking for Mr. Smith, as lodges on the firſt floor; but, Lord, he'll never have her, for he's quite a fine gentleman; and beſides, Mr. Brown heard him ſay, one day, that he'd never marry as long as he lived, for he'd no opinion of matrimony."

"And did you tell your ſiſter this?"

"O, to be ſure, I told her directly; but ſhe did not mind me; however, if ſhe will be a fool, ſhe muſt."

This extreme want of affection, and good-nature, increaſed the diſtaſte I already felt for theſe unamiable ſiſters, and a confidence ſo entirely unſolicited and unneceſſary, ma-

 niſeſted

nifeſted equally their folly and their want of decency.

I was very glad when the time for our departing arrived. Mr. Branghton ſaid our lodgings were in Holborn, that we might be near his houſe, and neighbourly. He accompanied us to them himſelf.

Our rooms are large, and not inconvenient; our landlord is an hoſier. I am ſure I have a thouſand reaſons to rejoice that I am ſo little known; for my preſent ſituation is, in every reſpect, very unenviable; and I would not, for the world, be ſeen by any acquaintance of Mrs. Mirvan.

This morning Madame Duval, attended by all the Branghtons, actually went to a Juſtice in the neighbourhood, to report the Captain's ill uſage of her. I had great difficulty in excuſing myſelf from being of the party, which would have given me very ſerious concern. Indeed, I was extremely anxious, though at home, till I heard the reſult of the application; for I dread to think of the uneaſineſs which ſuch an affair would occaſion the amiable Mrs. Mirvan. But, fortunately, Madame Duval has received very little encouragement to proceed in her deſign, for ſhe has been informed that, as ſhe neither heard the voice, nor ſaw the face of the perſon ſuſpected, ſhe will find it difficult to caſt him upon *conjecture*,

jecture, and will have but little probability of gaining her cauſe, unleſs ſhe can procure witneſſes of the tranſaction. Mr. Branghton, therefore, who has conſidered all the circumſtances of the affair, is of opinion, that the law-ſuit will not only be expenſive, but tedious and hazardous, and has adviſed againſt it. Madame Duval, though very unwillingly, has acquieſced in his deciſion; but vows that if ever ſhe is ſo affronted again, ſhe will be revenged, even if ſhe ruins herſelf. I am extremely glad that this ridiculous adventure ſeems now likely to end without more ſerious conſequences.

Adieu, my deareſt Sir. My direction is at Mr. Dawkins's, a hoſier in High Holborn.

LETTER X.

Evelina to Miſs Mirvan.

June 7th.

I HAVE no words, my ſweet friend, to expreſs the thankfulneſs I feel for the unbounded kindneſs which you, your dear mother, and the much-honoured Lady Howard,

ward, have ſhewn me; and ſtill leſs can I find language to tell you with what reluctance I parted from ſuch dear and generous friends, whoſe goodneſs reflects, at once, ſo much honour on their own hearts, and on her to whom it has been ſo liberally beſtowed. But I will not repeat what I have already written to the kind Mrs. Mirvan; I will remember your admonitions, and confine to my own breaſt that gratitude with which you have filled it, and teach my pen to dwell upon ſubjects leſs painful to my generous correſpondent.

O Maria, London now ſeems no longer the ſame place where I lately enjoyed ſo much happineſs; every thing is new and ſtrange to me; even the town itſelf has not the ſame aſpect:—my ſituation ſo altered! my home ſo different!—my companions ſo changed!—But you well know my averſeneſs to this journey.

Indeed, to me, London now ſeems a deſart; that gay and buſy appearance it ſo lately wore, is now ſucceeded by a look of gloom, fatigue, and laſſitude; the air ſeems ſtagnant, the heat is intenſe, the duſt intolerable, and the inhabitants illiterate and under-bred. At leaſt, ſuch is the face of things in the part of the town where I at preſent reſide.

Tell me, my dear Maria, do you never re-trace

re-trace in your memory the time we paſſed here when together? to mine, it recurs for ever! And yet, I think I rather recollect a dream, or ſome viſionary fancy, than a reality.—That I ſhould ever have been known to Lord Orville,—that I ſhould have ſpoken to—have danced with him,—ſeems now a romantic illuſion: and that elegant politeneſs, that flattering attention, that high-bred delicacy, which ſo much diſtinguiſhed him above all other men, and which ſtruck us with ſuch admiration, I now re-trace the remembrance of, rather as belonging to an object of ideal perfection, formed by my own imagination, than to a being of the ſame race and nature as thoſe with whom I at preſent converſe.

I have no news for you, my dear Miſs Mirvan; for all that I could venture to ſay of Madame Duval, I have already written to your ſweet mother; and as to adventures, I have none to record. Situated as I now am, I heartily hope I ſhall not meet with any; my wiſh is to remain quiet and unnoticed.

Adieu! excuſe the gravity of this letter, and believe me,

Your moſt ſincerely
affectionate and obliged
EVELINA ANVILLE.

LETTER XI.

Evelina to the Rev. Mr. Villars.

Holborn, June 9.

YESTERDAY morning, we received an invitation to dine and ſpend the day at Mr. Branghton's; and M. Du Bois, who was alſo invited, called to conduct us to Snow-hill.

Young Branghton received us at the door, and the firſt words he ſpoke were, "Do you know, Siſters a'n't dreſſed yet?"

Then, hurrying us into the houſe, he ſaid to me, "Come, Miſs, you ſhall go up ſtairs and catch 'em,—I dare ſay they're at the glaſs."

He would have taken my hand, but I declined this civility, and begged to follow Madame Duval. Mr. Branghton then appeared, and led the way himſelf. We went, as before, up two pair of ſtairs; but the moment the father opened the door, the daughters both gave a loud ſcream. We all ſtopped, and then Miſs Branghton called out, "Lord, Papa, what do you bring the company up here for? why, Polly and I a'n't half dreſſed."

"More ſhame for you," anſwered he, "here's

" here's your aunt, and couſin, and M. Du Bois, all waiting, and ne'er a room to take them to."

" Who'd have thought of their coming ſo ſoon?" cried ſhe: " I'm ſure for my part I thought Miſs was uſed to nothing but quality hours."

" Why, I ſha'n't be ready this half-hour yet," ſaid Miſs Polly; " can't they ſtay in the ſhop, till we're dreſſed?"

Mr. Branghton was very angry, and ſcolded them violently; however, we were obliged to deſcend, and ſtools were procured for us in the ſhop, where we found the brother, who was highly delighted; he ſaid, that his ſiſters had been *catched*; and he thought proper to entertain me with a long account of their tedioufneſs, and the many quarrels they all had together.

When, at length, theſe ladies were equipped to their ſatisfaction, they made their appearance; but before any converſation was ſuffered to paſs between them and us, they had a long and moſt diſagreeable dialogue with their father, to whoſe reprimands, though ſo juſtly incurred, they replied with the utmoſt pertneſs and rudeneſs, while their brother, all the time, laughed aloud.

The moment they perceived this, they were ſo much provoked, that, inſtead of

making any apologies to Madame Duval, they next began a quarrel with him.

"Tom, what do you laugh for? I wonder what buſineſs you have to be always a laughing when Papa ſcolds us."

"Then what buſineſs have you to be ſuch a while getting on your cloaths? You're never ready, you know well enough."

"Lord, Sir, I wonder what's that to you! I wiſh you'd mind your own affairs, and not trouble yourſelf about ours. How ſhould a boy like you know any thing?"

"A boy, indeed! not ſuch a boy, neither; I'll warrant you'll be glad to be as young, when you come to be old maids."

This ſort of dialogue we were amuſed with till dinner was ready, when we again mounted up two pair of ſtairs.

In our way, Miſs Polly told me that her ſiſter had aſked Mr. Smith for his room to dine in, but he had refuſed to lend it; "becauſe," ſhe ſaid, "one day it happened to be a little greaſed: however, we ſhall have it to drink tea in, and then, perhaps, you may ſee him, and I aſſure you he's quite like one of the quality, and dreſſes as fine, and goes to balls and dances, and every thing quite in taſte;—and beſides, Miſs, he keeps a foot-boy of his own, too."

The dinner was ill-ſerved, ill-cooked,

and ill-managed. The maid who waited had ſo often to go down ſtairs for ſomething that was forgotten, that the Branghtons were perpetually obliged to riſe from table themſelves, to get plates, knives and forks, bread or beer. Had they been without *pretenſions*, all this would have ſeemed of no conſequence; but they aimed at appearing to advantage, and even fancied they ſucceeded. However, the moſt diſagreeable part of our fare was, that the whole family continually diſputed whoſe turn it was to riſe, and whoſe to be allowed to ſit ſtill.

When this meal was over, Madame Duval, ever eager to diſcourſe upon *her travels*, entered into an argument with Mr. Branghton, and in broken Engliſh, M. Du Bois, concerning the French nation: and Miſs Polly, then addreſſing herſelf to me, ſaid, "Don't you think, Miſs, it's very dull ſitting up ſtairs here? we'd better go down *to ſhop*, and then we ſhall ſee the people go by."

"Lord, Poll," ſaid the Brother "you're always wanting to be ſtaring and gaping; and I'm ſure you need n't be ſo fond of ſhewing yourſelf, for you're ugly enough to frighten a horſe."

"Ugly, indeed! I wonder which is beſt, you or me. But, I tell you what, Tom, you've no need to give yourſelf ſuch

airs, for if you do, I'll tell Miſs of you know what—."

"Who cares if you do? you may tell what you will; I don't mind—"

"Indeed," cried I, "I do not deſire to hear any ſecrets."

"O, but I'm reſolved I'll tell you, becauſe Tom's ſo very ſpiteful. You muſt know, Miſs, t'other night—"

"Poll," cried the brother, "if you tell of that, Miſs ſhall know all about your meeting young Brown,—you know when!—So I'll be quits with you, one way or another."

Miſs Polly coloured, and again propoſed our going down ſtairs till Mr. Smith's room was ready for our reception.

"Aye, ſo we will," ſaid Miſs Branghton; "I'll aſſure you, Couſin, we have ſome very genteel people paſs by our ſhop ſometimes. Polly and I always go and ſit there, when we've cleaned ourſelves."

"Yes, Miſs," cried the brother, "they do nothing elſe all day long, when father don't ſcold them. But the beſt fun is, when they've got all their dirty things on, and all their hair about their ears, ſometimes I ſend young Brown up ſtairs to them; and then, there's ſuch a fuſs!—there they hide themſelves, and run away, and ſqueel and ſquall like any thing mad: and ſo then I puts the two cats into the room,

room, and I gives 'em a good whipping, and ſo that ſets them a ſqualling too; ſo there's ſuch a noiſe, and ſuch an uproar! —Lord, you can't think, Miſs, what fun it is!!"

This occaſioned a freſh quarrel with the ſiſters; at the end of which, it was, at length, decided that we ſhould go to the ſhop.

In our way down ſtairs, Miſs Branghton ſaid aloud, "I wonder when Mr. Smith's room will be ready."

"So do I," anſwered Polly; "I'm ſure we ſhould not do any harm to it now."

This hint had not the deſired effect; for we were ſuffered to proceed very quietly.

As we entered the ſhop, I obſerved a young man, in deep mourning, leaning againſt the wall, with his arms folded, and his eyes fixed on the ground, apparently in profound and melancholy meditation: but the moment he perceived us, he ſtarted, and, making a paſſing bow, very abruptly retired. As I found he was permitted to go quite unnoticed, I could not forbear enquiring who he was.

"Lord!" anſwered Miſs Branghton, "he's nothing but a poor Scotch poet."

"For my part," ſaid Miſs Polly, "I believe he's juſt ſtarved, for I don't find he has any thing to live upon."

"Live upon!" cried the brother, "why he's a poet, you know, ſo he may live upon learning."

"Aye, and good enough for him too," ſaid Miſs Branghton, "for he's as proud as he's poor."

"Like enough," replied the brother, "but, for all that, you won't find he will live without meat and drink: no, no, catch a Scotchman at that if you can! why, they only come here for what they can get."

"I'm ſure," ſaid Miſs Branghton, "I wonder Papa 'll be ſuch a fool as to let him ſtay in the houſe, for I dare ſay he'll never pay for his lodging."

"Why, no more he would if he could get another Lodger: you know the bill's been put up this fortnight. Miſs, if you ſhould hear of a perſon that wants a room, I aſſure you it is a very good one, for all it's up three pair of ſtairs."

I anſwered, that as I had no acquaintance in London, I had not any chance of aſſiſting them: but both my compaſſion and my curioſity were excited for this poor young man; and I aſked them ſome further particulars concerning him.

They then acquainted me, that they had only known him three months. When he firſt lodged with them, he agreed to board alſo;

alſo; but had lately told them, he would eat by himſelf, though they all believed he had hardly ever taſted a morſel of meat ſince he left their table. They ſaid, that he had always appeared very low-ſpirited, but, for the laſt month, he had been *duller* than ever, and, all of a ſudden, had put himſelf into mourning, though they knew not for whom, nor for what, but they ſuppoſed it was only for convenience, as no perſon had ever been to ſee or enquire for him ſince his reſidence amongſt them: and they were ſure he was very poor, as he had not paid for his lodgings the laſt three weeks: and finally, they concluded he was a poet, or elſe half-crazy, becauſe they had, at different times, found ſcraps of poetry in his room.

They then produced ſome unfiniſhed verſes, written on ſmall pieces of paper, unconnected, and of a moſt melancholy caſt. Among them was the fragment of an ode, which, at my requeſt, they lent me to copy; and, as you may perhaps like to ſee it, I will write it now.

O LIFE! thou lingering dream of grief, of pain,
And every ill that Nature can ſuſtain,
Strange, mutable, and wild!

Now

Now flattering with Hope moſt fair,
Depreſſing now with fell Deſpair,
The nurſe of Guilt, the ſlave of Pride,
That, like a wayward child,
Who, to himſelf a foe,
Sees joy alone in what's denied,
In what is granted, woe!

O thou poor, feeble, fleeting pow'r,
By Vice ſeduc'd, by Folly woo'd,
By Mis'ry, Shame, Remorſe, purſu'd;
And as thy toilſome ſteps proceed,
Seeming to Youth the faireſt flow'r,
Proving to Age the rankeſt weed,
A gilded, but a bitter pill,
Of varied, great, and complicated ill!

Theſe lines are harſh, but they indicate an internal wretchedneſs which, I own, affects me. Surely this young man muſt be involved in misfortunes of no common nature: but I cannot imagine what can induce him to remain with this unfeeling family, where he is, moſt unworthily, deſpiſed for being poor, and, moſt illiberally, deteſted for being a Scotchman. He may, indeed, have motives which he cannot ſurmount, for ſubmitting to ſuch a ſituation. Whatever they are, I moſt heartily pity him, and cannot but wiſh it were in my power to afford him ſome relief.

During this converſation, Mr. Smith's foot-boy came to Miſs Branghton, and informed

informed her, that his maſter ſaid ſhe might have the room now when ſhe liked it, for that he was preſently going out.

This very genteel meſſage, though it perfectly ſatisfied the Miſs Branghtons, by no means added to my deſire of being introduced to this gentleman: and upon their riſing, with intention to accept his offer, I begged they would excuſe my attending them, and ſaid I would ſit with Madame Duval till the tea was ready.

I therefore once more went up two pair of ſtairs, with young Branghton, who inſiſted upon accompanying me; and there we remained, till Mr. Smith's foot-boy ſummoned us to tea, when I followed Madame Duval into the dining-room.

The Miſs Branghtons were ſeated at one window, and Mr. Smith was lolling indolently out of the other. They all approached us at our entrance, and Mr. Smith, probably to ſhew he was maſter of the apartment, moſt officiouſly handed me to a great chair, at the upper end of the room, without taking any notice of Madame Duval, till I roſe, and offered her my own ſeat.

Leaving the reſt of the company to entertain themſelves, he, very abruptly, began to addreſs himſelf to me, in a ſtyle of gallantry equally new and diſagreeable to

me. It is true, no man can poſſibly pay me greater compliments, or make more fine ſpeeches, than Sir Clement Willoughby, yet his language, though too flowery, is always that of a gentleman, and his addreſs and manners are ſo very ſuperior to thoſe of the inhabitants of this houſe, that to make any compariſon between him and Mr. Smith would be extremely unjuſt. This latter ſeems very deſirous of appearing a man of gaiety and ſpirit; but his vivacity is ſo low-bred, and his whole behaviour ſo forward and diſagreeable, that I ſhould prefer the company of *dulneſs* itſelf, even as that goddeſs is deſcribed by Pope, to that of this *ſprightly* young man.

He made many apologies that he had not lent his room for our dinner, which, he ſaid, he ſhould certainly have done, had he ſeen me firſt; and he aſſured me, that when I came again, he ſhould be very glad to oblige me.

I told him, and with ſincerity, that every part of the houſe was equally indifferent to me.

"Why, Ma'am, the truth is, Miſs Biddy and Polly take no care of any thing, elſe, I'm ſure, they ſhould be always welcome to my room; for I'm never ſo happy as in obliging the ladies,—that's my character, Ma'am;—but, really, the laſt time they

they had it, every thing was made ſo greaſy and ſo naſty, that, upon my word, to a man who wiſhes to have things a little genteel, it was quite cruel. Now, as to you, Ma'am, it's quite another thing; for I ſhould not mind if every thing I had was ſpoilt, for the ſake of having the pleaſure to oblige you; and, I aſſure you, Ma'am, it makes me quite happy, that I have a room good enough to receive you."

This elegant ſpeech was followed by many others, ſo much in the ſame ſtyle, that to write them would be ſuperfluous; and, as he did not allow me a moment to ſpeak to any other perſon, the reſt of the evening was conſumed in a painful attention to this irkſome young man, who ſeemed to intend appearing before me to the utmoſt advantage.

Adieu, my dear Sir. I fear you will be ſick of reading about this family; yet I muſt write of them, or not of any, ſince I mix with no other. Happy ſhall I be, when I quit them all, and again return to Berry Hill!

LETTER

LETTER XII.

Evelina in continuation.

June 10th.

THIS morning, Mr. Smith called, *on purpoſe*, he ſaid, to offer me a ticket for the next Hampſtead aſſembly. I thanked him, but deſired to be excuſed accepting it; he would not, however, be denied, nor anſwered; and, in a manner both vehement and free, preſſed and urged his offer till I was wearied to death: but, when he found me reſolute, he ſeemed thunderſtruck with amazement, and thought proper to deſire I would tell him my reaſons.

Obvious as they muſt, ſurely, have been to any other perſon, they were ſuch as I knew not how to repeat to him; and, when he found I heſitated, he ſaid, "Indeed, Ma'am, you are too modeſt; I aſſure you the ticket is quite at your ſervice, and I ſhall be very happy to dance with you; ſo pray don't be ſo coy."

"Indeed, Sir," returned I, "you are miſtaken; I never ſuppoſed you would offer a ticket, without wiſhing it ſhould be accepted; but it would anſwer no purpoſe to mention the reaſons which make me decline

cline it, ſince they cannot poſſibly be removed."

This ſpeech ſeemed very much to mortify him, which I could not be concerned at, as I did not chuſe to be treated by him with ſo much freedom. When he was, at laſt, convinced that his application to me was ineffectual, he addreſſed himſelf to Madame Duval, and begged ſhe would interfere in his favour, offering, at the ſame time, to procure another ticket for herſelf.

"*Ma foi*, Sir," anſwered ſhe, angrily, "you might as well have had the complaiſance to aſk me before, for, I aſſure you, I don't approve of no ſuch rudeneſs: however, you may keep your tickets to yourſelf, for we don't want none of 'em."

This rebuke almoſt overſet him; the made many apologies, and ſaid that he ſhould certainly have firſt applied to her, but that he had no notion the *young* lady would have refuſed him, and, on the contrary, had concluded that ſhe would have aſſiſted him to perſuade Madame Duval herſelf.

This excuſe appeaſed her; and he pleaded his cauſe ſo ſucceſsfully, that, to my great chagrin, he gained it: and Madame Duval promiſed that ſhe would go herſelf, and take me to the Hampſtead aſſembly whenever he pleaſed.

Mr.

Mr. Smith then, approaching me with an air of triumph, ſaid, "Well, Ma'am, now, I think, you can't poſſibly keep to your denial."

I made no anſwer, and he ſoon took leave, though not till he had ſo wonderfully gained the favour of Madame Duval, that ſhe declared, when he was gone, he was the pretticſt young man ſhe had ſeen ſince ſhe came to England.

As ſoon as I could find an opportunity, I ventured, in the moſt humble manner, to entreat Madame Duval would not inſiſt upon my attending her to this ball; and repreſented to her, as well as I was able, the impropriety of my accepting any preſent from a young man ſo entirely unknown to me: but ſhe laughed at my ſcruples, called me a fooliſh, ignorant country girl, and ſaid ſhe ſhould make it her buſineſs to teach me ſomething of the world.

This ball is to be next week. I am ſure it is not more improper for, than unpleaſant to me, and I will uſe every poſſible endeavour to avoid it. Perhaps I may apply to Miſs Branghton for advice, as I believe ſhe will be willing to aſſiſt me, from diſliking, equally with myſelf, that I ſhould dance with Mr. Smith.

O, my

July 11th.

O, my dear Sir! I have been ſhocked to death;—and yet, at the ſame time, delighted beyond expreſſion, in the hope that I have happily been the inſtrument of ſaving a human creature from deſtruction!

This morning, Madame Duval ſaid ſhe would invite the Branghton family to return our viſit to-morrow; and, not chuſing to riſe herſelf,—for ſhe generally ſpends the morning in bed,—ſhe deſired me to wait upon them with her meſſage. M. Du Bois, who juſt then called, inſiſted upon attending me.

Mr. Branghton was in the ſhop, and told us that his ſon and daughters were out; but deſired me to ſtep up ſtairs, as he very ſoon expected them home. This I did, leaving M. Du Bois below. I went into the room where we had dined the day before, and, by a wonderful chance, I happened ſo to ſeat myſelf, that I had a view of the ſtairs, and yet could not be ſeen from them.

In about ten minutes time, I ſaw, paſſing by the door, with a look perturbed and affrighted, the ſame young man I mentioned in my laſt letter. Not heeding, as I ſuppoſe, how he went, in turning the corner

ner of the ſtairs, which are narrow and winding, his foot ſlipped, and he fell, but almoſt inſtantly riſing, I plainly perceived the end of a piſtol, which ſtarted from his pocket, by hitting againſt the ſtairs.

I was inexpreſſibly ſhocked. All that I had heard of his miſery occurring to my memory, made me conclude, that he was, at that very moment meditating ſuicide! Struck with the dreadful idea, all my ſtrength ſeemed to fail me. He moved on ſlowly, yet I ſoon loſt ſight of him; I ſat motionleſs with terror; all power of action forſook me; and I grew almoſt ſtiff with horror: till recollecting that it was yet poſſible to prevent the fatal deed, all my faculties ſeemed to return, with the hope of ſaving him.

My firſt thought was to fly to Mr. Branghton, but I feared that an inſtant of time loſt, might for ever be rued; and therefore, guided by the impulſe of my apprehenſions, as well as I was able, I followed him up ſtairs, ſtepping very ſoftly, and obliged to ſupport myſelf by the baniſters.

When I came within a few ſtairs of the landing-place, I ſtopped, for I could then ſee into his room, as he had not yet ſhut the door.

He

He had put the piſtol upon a table, and had his hand in his pocket, whence, in a few moments, he took out another: He then emptied ſomething on the table from a ſmall leather bag; after which, taking up both the piſtols, one in each hand, he dropt haſtily upon his knees, and called out, "O God!—forgive me!"

In a moment, ſtrength, and courage ſeemed lent me as by inſpiration: I ſtarted, and ruſhing precipitately into the room, juſt caught his arm, and then, overcome by my own fears, I fell down at his ſide, breathleſs and ſenſeleſs. My recovery, however, was, I believe, almoſt inſtantaneous; and then the ſight of this unhappy man, regarding me with a look of unutterable aſtoniſhment, mixed with concern, preſently reſtored to me my recollection. I aroſe, though with difficulty; he did the ſame; the piſtols, as I ſoon ſaw, were both on the floor.

Unwilling to leave them, and, indeed, too weak to move, I leant one hand on the table, and then ſtood perfectly ſtill: while he, his eyes caſt wildly towards me, ſeemed too infinitely amazed to be capable of either ſpeech or action.

I believe we were ſome minutes in this extraordinary ſituation; but as my ſtrength returned, I felt myſelf both aſhamed and awkward,

awkward, and moved towards the door. Pale, and motionleſs, he ſuffered me to paſs, without changing his poſture, or uttering a ſyllable; and, indeed,

He looked a bloodleſs image of deſpair!*

When I reached the door, I turned round; I looked fearfully at the piſtols, and, impelled by an emotion I could not repreſs, I haſtily ſtepped back, with an intention of carrying them away: but their wretched owner, perceiving my deſign, and recovering from his aſtoniſhment, darting ſuddenly down, ſeized them both himſelf.

Wild with fright, and ſcarce knowing what I did, I caught, almoſt involuntarily, hold of both his arms, and exclaimed, "O Sir! have mercy on yourſelf!"

The guilty piſtols fell from his hands, which, diſengaging from me, he fervently claſped, and cried, "Sweet Heaven! is this thy angel?"

Encouraged by ſuch gentleneſs, I again attempted to take the piſtols, but, with a look half frantic, he again prevented me, ſaying, "What would you do?"

"Awaken you," I cried, with a cou-

* Pope's Iliad.

rage

ſage I now wonder at, "to worthier thoughts, and reſcue you from perdition."

I then ſeized the piſtols; he ſaid not a word,—he made no effort to ſtop me;—I glided quick by him, and tottered down ſtairs, ere he had recovered from the extremeſt amazement.

The moment I reached again the room I had ſo fearfully left, I threw away the piſtols, and flinging myſelf on the firſt chair, gave free vent to the feelings I had moſt painfully ſtifled, in a violent burſt of tears, which, indeed, proved a happy relief to me.

In this ſituation I remained ſome time; but when, at length, I lifted up my head, the firſt object I ſaw was the poor man who had occaſioned my terror, ſtanding, as if petrified, at the door, and gazing at me with eyes of wild wonder.

I ſtarted from the chair, but trembled ſo exceſſively, that I almoſt inſtantly ſunk again into it. He then, though without advancing, and in a faltering voice, ſaid, "Whoever, or whatever you are, relieve me, I pray you, from the ſuſpence under which my ſoul labours—and tell me if indeed I do not dream!"

To this addreſs, ſo ſingular and ſo ſolemn, I had not then the preſence of mind to frame any anſwer: but, as I preſently

perceived that his eyes turned from me to the piſtols, and that he ſeemed to intend regaining them, I exerted all my ſtrength, and ſaying, "O for Heaven's ſake forbear!" I roſe and took them myſelf.

"Do my ſenſes deceive me!" cried he, "do *I* live—? and do *you*?"

As he ſpoke, he advanced towards me! and I, ſtill guarding the piſtols, retreated, ſaying, "No, no—you muſt not—muſt not have them!"—

"Why—for what purpoſe, tell me!—do you withhold them?"—

"To give you time to *think*,—to ſave you from eternal miſery;—and, I hope, to reſerve you for mercy and forgiveneſs."

"Wonderful!" cried he, with uplifted hands and eyes, "moſt wonderful!"

For ſome time, he ſeemed wrapped in deep thought, till a ſudden noiſe of tongues below announcing the approach of the Branghtons, made him ſtart from his reverie: he ſprung haſtily forward,—dropt on one knee,—caught hold of my gown, which he preſſed to his lips, and then, quick as lightning, he roſe, and flew up ſtairs to his own room.

There was ſomething in the whole of this extraordinary and ſhocking adventure, really too affecting to be borne; and ſo entirely had I ſpent my ſpirits and exhauſted my

my courage, that, before the Branghtons reached me, I had ſunk on the ground, without ſenſe or motion.

I believe I muſt have been a very horrid ſight to them, on their entrance into the room; for, to all appearance, I ſeemed to have ſuffered a violent death, either by my own raſhneſs, or the cruelty of ſome murderer; as the piſtols had fallen cloſe by my ſide.

How ſoon I recovered, I know not, but probably, I was more indebted to the loudneſs of their cries, than to their aſſiſtance; for they all concluded that I was dead, and, for ſome time, did not make any effort to revive me.

Scarcely could I recollect *where*, or, indeed, *what* I was, ere they poured upon me ſuch a torrent of queſtions and enquiries, that I was almoſt ſtunned with their vociferation. However, as ſoon and as well as I was able, I endeavoured to ſatisfy their curioſity, by recounting what had happened as clearly as was in my power. They all looked aghaſt at the recital, but, not being well enough to enter into any diſcuſſions, I begged to have a chair called, and to return inſtantly home.

Before I left them, I recommended, with great earneſtneſs, a vigilant obſervance of their unhappy lodger, and that they would

take care to keep from him, if poſſible, all means of ſelf-deſtruction.

M. Du Bois, who ſeemed extremely concerned at my indiſpoſition, walked by the ſide of the chair, and ſaw me ſafe to my own apartment.

The raſhneſs and the miſery of this ill-fated young man, engroſs all my thoughts. If, indeed, he is bent upon deſtroying himſelf, all efforts to ſave him will be fruitleſs. How much do I wiſh it were in my power to diſcover the nature of the malady which thus maddens him, and to offer or to procure alleviation to his ſufferings! I am ſure, my deareſt Sir, you will be much concerned for this poor man; and were you here, I doubt not but you would find ſome method of awakening him from the error which blinds him, and of pouring the balm of peace and comfort into his afflicted ſoul!

LETTER XIII.

Evelina in continuation.

Holborn, June 13th.

YESTERDAY all the Branghtons dined here.

Our converſation was almoſt wholly concerning the adventure of the day before. Mr. Branghton ſaid, that his firſt thought was inſtantly to turn his lodger out of doors, "Leſt," continued he, "his killing himſelf in my houſe, ſhould bring me into any trouble; but then, I was afraid I ſhould never get the money he owes me, whereas, if he dies in my houſe, I have a right to all he leaves behind him, if he goes off in my debt. Indeed, I would put him in priſon, —but what ſhould I get by that? he could not earn any thing there to pay me. So I conſidered about it ſome time, and then I determined to aſk him, point-blank, for my money out of hand. And ſo I did, but he told me he'd pay me next week: however, I gave him to underſtand, that, though I was no Scotchman, yet I did not like to be over-reached any more than he; ſo then he gave me a ring, which, to my certain knowledge, muſt be worth ten guineas, and told me he would not part with

it for his life, and a good deal more ſuch ſort of ſtuff, but that I might keep it till he could pay me."

"It is ten to one, Father," ſaid young Branghton, "if he came fairly by it."

"Very likely not," anſwered he, "but that will make no great difference; for I ſhall be able to prove my right to it all one."

What principles! I could hardly ſtay in the room.

"I'm determined," ſaid the ſon, "I'll take ſome opportunity to affront him ſoon, now I know how poor he is, becauſe of the airs he gave himſelf to me when he firſt came."

"And pray how was that, child?" ſaid Madame Duval.

"Why you never knew ſuch a fuſs in your life as he made, becauſe, one day at dinner, I only happened to ſay, that I ſuppoſed he had never got ſuch a good meal in his life, before he came to England: there he fell in ſuch a paſſion as you can't think; but, for my part, I took no notice of it, for to be ſure, thinks I, he muſt needs be a gentleman, or he'd never go to be ſo angry about it. However, he won't put his tricks upon me again, in a hurry."

"Well," ſaid Miſs Polly, "he's grown quite another creature to what he was, and

he

he does n't run away from us, nor hide himſelf, nor any thing; and he's as civil as can be, and he's always in the ſhop, and he ſaunters about the ſtairs, and he looks at every body as comes in."

"Why you may ſee what he's after plain enough," ſaid Mr. Branghton; "he wants to ſee Miſs again."

"Ha, ha, ha! Lord, how I ſhould laugh," ſaid the ſon, "if he ſhould have fell in love with Miſs!"

"I'm ſure," ſaid Miſs Branghton, "Miſs is welcome; but, for my part, I ſhould be quite aſhamed of ſuch a beggarly conqueſt."

Such was the converſation till tea-time, when the appearance of Mr. Smith gave a new turn to the diſcourſe.

Miſs Branghton deſired me to remark with what a *ſmart air* he entered the room, and aſked me if he had not very much a *quality look?*

"Come," cried he, advancing to us, "you ladies muſt not ſit together; wherever I go, I always make it a rule to part the ladies."

And then, handing Miſs Branghton to the next chair, he ſeated himſelf between us.

"Well, now ladies, I think we ſit very

well. What ſay you? for my part, I think it was a very good motion."

"If my couſin likes it," ſaid Miſs Branghton, "I'm ſure I've no objection."

"O," cried he, "I always ſtudy what the ladies like;—that's my firſt thought. And, indeed, it is but natural that you ſhould like beſt to ſit by the gentlemen, for what can you find to ſay to one another?"

"Say?" cried young Branghton, "O, never you think of that, they'll find enough to ſay, I'll be ſworn. You know the women are never tired of talking."

"Come, come, Tom," ſaid Mr. Smith, "don't be ſevere upon the ladies; when I'm by, you know I always take their part."

Soon after, when Miſs Branghton offered me ſome cake, this man of gallantry ſaid, "Well, if I was that lady, I'd never take any thing from a woman."

"Why not, Sir?"

"Becauſe I ſhould be afraid of being poiſoned for being ſo handſome."

"Who is ſevere upon the ladies *now*?" ſaid I.

"Why, really, Ma'am, it was a ſlip of the tongue; I did not intend to ſay ſuch a thing; but one can't always be on one's guard."

Soon

Soon after, the converſation turning upon public places, young Branghton aſked if I had ever been to *George*'s at Hampſtead?

"Indeed I never heard the place mentioned."

"Did n't you Miſs?" cried he, eagerly, "why then you've a deal of fun to come, I'll promiſe you; and, I tell you what, I'll treat you there ſome Sunday ſoon. So now, Bid and Poll, be ſure you don't tell Miſs about the chairs, and all that, for I've a mind to ſurpriſe her; and if I pay, I think I've a right to have it my own way."

"George's at Hampſtead!" repeated Mr. Smith, contemptuouſly, "how came you to think the young Lady would like to go to ſuch a low place as that! But, pray Ma'am, have you ever been to Don Saltero's at Chelſea."

"No, Sir."

"No!—nay, then, I muſt inſiſt on having the pleaſure of conducting you there before long. I aſſure you, Ma'am, many genteel people go, or elſe, I give you my word, *I* ſhould not recommend it."

"Pray, Couſin, ſaid Mr. Branghton, "have you been at Sadler's Wells yet?"

"No, Sir."

"No! why then you've ſeen nothing!"

"Pray, Miſs," ſaid the Son, "how do you like the Tower of London?"

"I have never been to it, Sir."

"Goodneſs!" exclaimed he, "not ſeen the Tower!—why may be you ha' n't been o' top of the Monument, neither?"

"No, indeed, I have not."

"Why then you might as well not have come to London, for aught I ſee, for you've been no where."

"Pray, Miſs," ſaid Polly, "have you been all over Paul's Church, yet?"

"No, Ma'am."

"Well, but, Ma'am," ſaid Mr. Smith, "how do you like Vauxhall and Marybone?"

"I never ſaw either, Sir."

"No—God bleſs me!—you really ſurpriſe me,—why Vauxhall is the firſt pleaſure in life!—I know nothing like it.—Well, Ma'am, you muſt have been with ſtrange people, indeed, not to have taken you to Vauxhall. Why you have ſeen nothing of London yet.—However, we muſt try if *we* can't make you amends."

In the courſe of this *catechiſm*, many other places were mentioned, of which I have forgotten the names; but the looks of ſurpriſe and contempt that my repeated negatives incurred, were very diverting.

"Come," ſaid Mr. Smith, after tea, "as this

this Lady has been with ſuch a queer ſet of people, let's ſhew her the difference; ſuppoſe we go ſomewhere to-night!—I love to do things with ſpirit!—Come, Ladies, where ſhall we go? For my part, I ſhould like Foote's,—but the Ladies muſt chuſe; I never ſpeak myſelf."

"Well, Mr. Smith, is always in ſuch ſpirits!" ſaid Miſs Branghton.

"Why yes, Ma'am, yes, thank God, pretty good ſpirits;—I have not yet the cares of the world upon me,—I am not *married*,—ha, ha, ha,—you'll excuſe me, Ladies,—but I can't help laughing!—"

No objection being made, to my great relief, we all proceeded to the little theatre in the Haymarket, where I was extremely entertained by the performance of the Minor and the Commiſſary.

They all returned hither to ſupper.

LETTER XIV.

Evelina in continuation.

June 15.

YESTERDAY morning, Madame Duval again ſent me to Mr. Branghton's, attended by M. Du Bois, to make ſome

party for the evening; becauſe ſhe had had the vapours the preceding day, from ſtaying at home.

As I entered the ſhop, I perceived the unfortunate North Briton, ſeated in a corner, with a book in his hand. He caſt his melancholy eyes up, as we came in, and, I believe, immediately recollected my face, for he ſtarted and changed colour. I delivered Madame Duval's meſſage to Mr. Branghton; who told me I ſhould find Polly up ſtairs, but that the others were gone out.

Up ſtairs, therefore, I went; and ſeated on a window, with Mr. Brown at her ſide, ſat Miſs Polly. I felt a little awkward at diſturbing them, and much more ſo, at their behaviour afterwards; for, as ſoon as the common enquiries were over, Mr. Brown grew ſo fond, and ſo fooliſh, that I was extremely diſguſted. Polly, all the time, only rebuked him with "La, now, Mr. Brown, do be quiet, can't you?—you ſhould not behave ſo before company.—Why now what will Miſs think of me?"—while her looks plainly ſhewed not merely the pleaſure, but the pride which ſhe took in his careſſes.

I did not, by any means, think it neceſſary to puniſh myſelf by witneſſing their tenderneſs, and, therefore, telling them I would

would ſee if Miſs Branghton were returned home, I ſoon left them, and again deſcended into the ſhop.

"So, Miſs, you've come again," ſaid Mr. Branghton, "what, I ſuppoſe, you've a mind to ſit a little in the ſhop, and ſee how the world goes, hay, Miſs?"

I made no anſwer; and M. Du Bois inſtantly brought me a chair.

The unhappy ſtranger, who had riſen at my entrance, again ſeated himſelf; and, though his head leant towards his book, I could not help obſerving, that his eyes were moſt intently and earneſtly turned towards me.

M. Du Bois, as well as his broken Engliſh would allow him, endeavoured to entertain us, till the return of Miſs Branghton and her brother.

"Lord, how tired I am!" cried the former, "I have not a foot to ſtand upon." And then, without any ceremony, ſhe flung herſelf into the chair from which I had riſen to receive her.

"You tired!" ſaid the brother, "why then what muſt I be, that have walked twice as far?" And with equal politeneſs, he paid the ſame compliment to M. Du Bois which his ſiſter had done to me.

Two chairs and three ſtools compleated the furniture of the ſhop, and Mr. Branghton,

ton, who chose to keep his own seat himself, desired M. Du Bois to take another; and then, seeing that I was without any, called out to the stranger, "Come, Mr. Macartney, lend us your stool."

Shocked at their rudeness, I declined the offer, and approaching Miss Branghton, said, "If you will be so good as to make room for me on your chair, there will be no occasion to disturb that gentleman."

"Lord, what signifies that?" cried the brother, "he has had his share of sitting, I'll be sworn."

"And if he has not," said the sister, "he has a chair up stairs; and the shop is our own, I hope."

This grossness so much disgusted me, that I took the stool, and carrying it back to Mr. Macartney myself, I returned him thanks, as civilly as I could, for his politeness, but said that I had rather stand.

He looked at me as if unaccustomed to such attention, bowed very respectfully, but neither spoke, nor yet made use of it.

I soon found that I was an object of derision to all present, except M. Du Bois, and, therefore, I begged Mr. Branghton would give me an answer for Madame Duval, as I was in haste to return.

"Well, then, Tom,—Biddy,—where have you a mind to go to-night? your

Aunt and Miſs want to be abroad and amongſt them."

"Why then, Papa," ſaid Miſs Branghton, "we'll go to Don Saltero's. Mr. Smith likes that place, ſo may be he'll go along with us."

"No, no," ſaid the ſon, "I'm for White-Conduit Houſe; ſo let's go there."

"White-Conduit Houſe, indeed?" cried his ſiſter, "no, Tom, that I won't."

"Why then let it alone; nobody wants your company;—we ſhall do as well without you, I'll be ſworn, and better too."

"I'll tell you what, Tom, if you don't hold your tongue, I'll make you repent it,—that I aſſure you."

Juſt then, Mr. Smith came into the ſhop, which he ſeemed to intend paſſing through; but when he ſaw me, he ſtopped and began a moſt courteous enquiry after my health, proteſting that, had he known I was there, he ſhould have come down ſooner. "But, bleſs me, Ma'am," added he, "what is the reaſon you ſtand?" and then he flew to bring me the ſeat from which I had juſt parted.

"Mr. Smith, you are come in very good time," ſaid Mr. Branghton, "to end a diſpute between my ſon and daughter, about where they ſhall all go to-night."

"O fie, Tom,—diſpute with a lady!" cried

cried Mr. Smith, "Now, as for me, I'm for where you will, provided this young Lady is of the party,—one place is the ſame as another to me, ſo that it be but agreeable to the ladies,—I would go any where with you, Ma'am," (to me) "unleſs, indeed, it were to *church*;—ha, ha, ha,—you'll excuſe me, Ma'am, but, really, I never could conquer my fear of a parſon;—ha, ha, ha,—really, ladies, I beg your pardon, for being ſo rude, but I can't help laughing for my life!"

"I was juſt ſaying, Mr. Smith," ſaid Miſs Branghton, "that I ſhould like to go to Don Saltero's;—now pray where ſhould *you* like to go?"

"Why really, Miſs Biddy, you know I always let the ladies decide; I never fix any thing myſelf; but I ſhould ſuppoſe it would be rather hot at the coffee-houſe,—however, pray Ladies, ſettle it among yourſelves,—I'm agreeable to whatever you chuſe."

It was eaſy for me to diſcover, that this man, with all his parade of *conformity*, objects to every thing that is not propoſed by himſelf: but he is ſo much admired, by this family, for his *gentility*, that he thinks himſelf a complete fine gentleman!

"Come," ſaid Mr. Branghton, "the beſt way will be to put it to the vote, and then

then every body will ſpeak their minds. Biddy, call Poll down ſtairs. We'll ſtart fair."

"Lord, Papá," ſaid Miſs Branghton, "why can't you as well ſend Tom?—you're always ſending me of the errands."

A diſpute then enſued, but Miſs Branghton was obliged to yield.

When Mr. Brown and Miſs Polly made their appearance, the latter uttered many complaints of having been called, ſaying ſhe did not want to come, and was very well where ſhe was.

"Now, Ladies, your votes;" cried Mr. Smith, "and ſo, Ma'am," (to me) "we'll begin with you. What place ſhall you like beſt?" and then, in a whiſper, he added, "I aſſure you, I ſhall ſay the ſame as you do, whether I like it or not."

I ſaid, that as I was ignorant what choice was in my power, I muſt beg to hear their deciſions firſt. This was reluctantly aſſented to; and then Miſs Branghton voted for Saltero's Coffee-houſe; her ſiſter, for a party to *Mother Red Cap's*; the brother, for White-Conduit Houſe; Mr. Brown, for Bagnigge Wells; Mr. Branghton for Sadler's Wells; and Mr. Smith for Vauxhall.

"Well now, Ma'am," ſaid Mr. Smith, "we have all ſpoken, and ſo you muſt give the

the caſting vote. Come, what will you fix upon?"

"Sir," anſwered I, "I was to ſpeak *laſt*."

"Well, ſo you will," ſaid Miſs Branghton, "for we've all ſpoke firſt."

"Pardon me," returned I, "the voting has not yet been quite general."

And I looked towards Mr. Macartney, to whom I wiſhed extremely to ſhew that I was not of the ſame brutal nature with thoſe by whom he was treated ſo groſsly.

"Why pray," ſaid Mr. Branghton, "who have we left out? would you have the cats and dogs vote?"

"No, Sir," cried I, with ſome ſpirit, "I would have *that gentleman* vote,—if, indeed, he is not ſuperior to joining our party."

They all looked at me, as if they doubted whether or not they had heard me right: but, in a few moments, their ſurpriſe gave way to a rude burſt of laughter.

Very much diſpleaſed, I told M. Du Bois that if he was not ready to go, I would have a coach called for myſelf.

O yes, he ſaid, he was always ready to attend me.

Mr. Smith then advancing, attempted to take my hand, and begged me not to leave

leave them till I had ſettled the evening's plan.

"I have nothing, Sir," ſaid I, "to do with it, as it is my intention to ſtay at home; and therefore Mr. Branghton will be ſo good as to ſend Madame Duval word what place is fixed upon, when it is convenient to him."

And then, making a ſlight courteſie, I left them.

How much does my diſguſt for theſe people encreaſe my pity for poor Mr. Macartney! I will not ſee them when I can avoid ſo doing; but I am determined to take every opportunity in my power, to ſhew civility to this unhappy man, whoſe misfortunes, with this family, only render him an object of ſcorn. I was, however, very well pleaſed with M. Du Bois, who, far from joining in their mirth, expreſſed himſelf extremely ſhocked at their ill-breeding.

We had not walked ten yards before we were followed by Mr. Smith, who came to make excuſes, and to aſſure me they were *only joking*, and hoped I took nothing ill, for, if I did, he would make a quarrel of it himſelf with the Branghtons, rather than I ſhould receive any offence.

I begged him not to take any trouble about ſo immaterial an affair, and aſſured him

him I ſhould not myſelf. He was ſo officious, that he would not be prevailed upon to return home, till he had walked with us to Mr. Dawkins's.

Madame Duval was very much diſpleaſed that I brought her ſo little ſatisfaction. White-Conduit Houſe was, at laſt, fixed upon; and, notwithſtanding my great diſlike of ſuch parties and ſuch places, I was obliged to accompany them.

Very diſagreeable, and much according to my expectations, the evening proved. There were many people all ſmart and gaudy, and ſo pert and low-bred, that I could hardly endure being amongſt them; but the party to which, unfortunately, I belonged, ſeemed all *at home*.

LETTER XV.

Evelina in continuation.

Holborn, June 17th.

YESTERDAY Mr. Smith carried his point, of making a party for Vauxhall, conſiſting of Madame Duval, M. Du Bois, all the Branghtons, Mr. Brown, himſelf,—and me!—for I find all endeavours vain

vain to eſcape any thing which theſe people deſire I ſhould not.

There were twenty diſputes previous to our ſetting out; firſt, as to the *time* of our going: Mr. Branghton, his ſon, and young Brown, were for ſix o'clock; and all the ladies and Mr. Smith were for eight;—the latter, however, conquered.

Then, as to the *way* we ſhould go; ſome were for a boat, others for a coach, and Mr. Branghton himſelf was for walking: but the boat, at length, was decided upon. Indeed this was the only part of the expedition that was agreeable to me, for the Thames was delightfully pleaſant.

The Garden is very pretty, but too formal; I ſhould have been better pleaſed, had it conſiſted leſs of ſtrait walks, where

Grove nods at grove, each alley has its brother.

The trees, the numerous lights, and the company in the circle round the orcheſtra make a moſt brilliant and gay appearance; and, had I been with a party leſs diſagreeable to me, I ſhould have thought it a place formed for animation and pleaſure. There was a concert, in the courſe of which, a hautbois concerto was ſo charmingly played, that I could have thought myſelf upon enchanted ground, had I had ſpirits more

more gentle to aſſociate with. The hautbois in the open air is heavenly.

Mr. Smith endeavoured to attach himſelf to me, with ſuch officious aſſiduity, and impertinent freedom, that he quite ſickened me. Indeed, M. Du Bois was the only man of the party to whom, voluntarily, I ever addreſſed myſelf. He is civil and reſpectful, and I have found nobody elſe ſo ſince I left Howard Grove. His Engliſh is very bad, but I prefer it to ſpeaking French myſelf, which I dare not venture to do. I converſe with him frequently, both to diſengage myſelf from others, and to oblige Madame Duval, who is always pleaſed when he is attended to.

As we were walking about the orcheſtra, I heard a bell ring, and, in a moment, Mr. Smith, flying up to me, caught my hand, and, with a motion too quick to be reſiſted, ran away with me many yards before I had breath to aſk his meaning, though I ſtruggled as well as I could to get from him. At laſt, however, I inſiſted upon ſtopping; "Stopping, Ma'am!" cried he, "why, we muſt run on, or we ſhall loſe the caſcade?"

And then again, he hurried me away, mixing with a crowd of people, all running with ſo much velocity, that I could not imagine what had raiſed ſuch an alarm.

We

We were ſoon followed by the reſt of the party; and my ſurpriſe and ignorance proved a ſource of diverſion to them all, which was not exhauſted the whole evening. Young Branghton, in particular, laughed till he could hardly ſtand.

The ſcene of the caſcade I thought extremely pretty, and the general effect ſtriking and lively.

But this was not the only ſurpriſe which was to divert them at my expence; for they led me about the garden, purpoſely to enjoy my firſt ſight of various other deceptions.

About ten o'clock, Mr. Smith having choſen a *box* in a very conſpicuous place, we all went to ſupper. Much fault was found with every thing that was ordered, though not a morſel of any thing was left; and the dearneſs of the proviſions, with conjectures upon what profit was made by them, ſupplied diſcourſe during the whole meal.

When wine and cyder were brought, Mr. Smith ſaid, "Now let's enjoy ourſelves; now is the time, or never. Well, Ma'am, and how do you like Vauxhall?"

"Like it!" cried young Branghton, "why how can ſhe help liking it? ſhe has never ſeen ſuch a place before, that I'll anſwer for."

"For

"For my part," ſaid Miſs Branghton, "I like it becauſe it is not vulgar."

"This muſt have been a fine treat for you, Miſs," ſaid Mr. Branghton; "why, I ſuppoſe you was never ſo happy in all your life before?"

I endeavoured to expreſs my ſatisfaction with ſome pleaſure, yet I believe they were much amazed at my coldneſs.

"Miſs ought to ſtay in town till the laſt night," ſaid young Branghton, "and then, it's my belief, ſhe'd ſay ſomething to it! Why, Lord, it's the beſt night of any; there's always a riot,—and there the folks run about,—and then there's ſuch ſquealing and ſqualling!—and there all the lamps are broke,—and the women run ſkimper ſcamper;—I declare I would not take five guineas to miſs the laſt night!"

I was very glad when they all grew tired of ſitting, and called for the waiter to pay the bill. The Miſs Branghtons ſaid they would walk on, while the gentlemen ſettled the account, and aſked me to accompany them; which, however, I declined.

"You girls may do as you pleaſe," ſaid Madame Duval, "but as to me, I promiſe you, I ſhan't go no where without the gentlemen."

"No more, I ſuppoſe, will my *Couſin*," ſaid

ſaid Miſs Branghton, looking reproachfully towards Mr. Smith.

This reflection, which I feared would flatter his vanity, made me, moſt unfortunately, requeſt Madame Duval's permiſſion to attend them. She granted it, and away we went, having promiſed to meet in the room.

To the room, therefore, I would immediately have gone: but the ſiſters agreed that they would firſt have a *little pleaſure*, and they tittered, and talked ſo loud, that they attracted univerſal notice.

"Lord, Polly," ſaid the eldeſt, "ſuppoſe we were to take a turn in the dark walks!"

"Ay, do," anſwered ſhe, "and then we'll hide ourſelves, and then Mr. Brown will think we are loſt!"

I remonſtrated very warmly againſt this plan, telling them that it would endanger our miſſing the reſt of the party all the evening.

"O dear," cried Miſs Branghton, "I thought how uneaſy Miſs would be, without a beau!"

This impertinence I did not think worth anſwering; and, quite by compulſion, I followed them down a long alley, in which there was hardly any light.

By the time we came near the end, a

large party of gentlemen, apparently very riotous, and who were hallowing, leaning on one another, and laughing immoderately, ſeemed to ruſh ſuddenly from behind ſome trees, and, meeting us face to face, put their arms at their ſides, and formed a kind of circle, which firſt ſtopped our proceeding, and then our retreating, for we were preſently entirely incloſed. The Miſs Branghtons ſcreamed aloud, and I was frightened exceedingly: our ſcreams were anſwered with burſts of laughter, and, for ſome minutes, we were kept priſoners, till, at laſt, one of them, rudely, ſeizing hold of me, ſaid I was a pretty little creature.

I ſtirmed to death, I ſtruggled with ſuch vehemence to diſengage myſelf from him, that I ſucceeded, in ſpite of his efforts to detain me; and immediately, and with a ſwiftneſs which fear only could have given me, I flew rather than ran up the walk, hoping to ſecure my ſafety by returning to the lights and company we had ſo foolihly left: but, before I could poſſibly accompliſh my purpoſe, I was met by another party of men, one of whom placed himſelf ſo directly in my way, calling out, "Whither ſo faſt, my love?"—that I could only have proceeded, by running into his arms.

In a moment, both my hands, by different

ferent perſons, were caught hold of; and one of them, in a moſt familiar manner, deſired, when I ran next, to accompany me in a race; while the reſt of the party ſtood ſtill and laughed.

I was almoſt diſtracted with terror, and ſo breathleſs with running, that I could not ſpeak, till another advancing, ſaid, I was as handſome as an angel, and deſired to be of the party. I then juſt articulated, "For Heaven's ſake, Gentlemen, let me paſs!"

Another, then, ruſhing ſuddenly forward, exclaimed, "Heaven and earth! what voice is that?—"

"The voice of the prettieſt little actreſs I have ſeen this age," anſwered one of my perſecutors.

"No,—no,—no—" I *panted* out, "I am no actreſs,—pray let me go,—pray let me paſs—"

"By all that's ſacred," cried the ſame voice, which I then knew for Sir Clement Willoughby's, "'tis herſelf!"

"Sir Clement Willoughby!" cried I, "O Sir, aſſiſt—aſſiſt me—or I ſhall die with terror!—"

"Gentlemen," cried he, diſengaging them all from me in an inſtant, "pray leave this lady to me."

Loud laughs proceeded from every mouth, and two or three ſaid, "*Willoughby*

has all the luck! But one of them, in a paſſionate manner, vowed he would not give me up, for that he had the firſt right to me, and would ſupport it.

"You are miſtaken," ſaid Sir Clement, "this lady is—I will explain myſelf to you another time; but, I aſſure you, you are all miſtaken."

And then, taking my willing hand, he led me off, amidſt the loud acclamations, laughter, and groſs merriment of his impertinent companions.

As ſoon as we had eſcaped from them, Sir Clement, with a voice of ſurpriſe, exclaimed, "My deareſt creature, what wonder, what ſtrange revolution, has brought you to ſuch a ſpot as this?"

Aſhamed of my ſituation, and extremely mortified to be thus recognized by him, I was for ſome time ſilent, and when he repeated his queſtion, only ſtammered out, "I have,—I hardly know how,—loſt myſelf from my party."

He caught my hand, and eagerly preſſing it, in a paſſionate voice, ſaid, "O that I had ſooner met with thee!"

Surpriſed at a freedom ſo unexpected, I angrily broke from him, ſaying, "Is this the protection you give me, Sir Clement?"

And then I ſaw, what the perturbation of my mind had prevented my ſooner noticing, that he had led me, though I know not how, into another of the dark alleys, inſtead of the place whither I meant to go.

"Good God!" I cried, "where am I? —What way are you going?—"

"Where," anſwered he, "we ſhall be leaſt obſerved."

Aſtoniſhed at this ſpeech, I ſtopped ſhort, and declared I would go no further.

"And why not, my angel?" again endeavouring to take my hand.

My heart beat with reſentment; I puſhed him away from me with all my ſtrength, and demanded how he dared treat me with ſuch inſolence?

"Inſolence!" repeated he.

"Yes, Sir Clement, *inſolence*; from you, who know me, I had a claim for protection, —not to ſuch treatment as this."

"By heaven," cried he, with warmth, "you diſtract me,—why, tell me,—why do I ſee you here?—Is this a place for Miſs Anville?—theſe dark walks!—no party! —no companion!—by all that's good, I can ſcarce believe my ſenſes!"

Extremely offended at this ſpeech, I turned angrily from him, and, not deigning to make any anſwer, walked on to-

wards that part of the garden whence I perceived the lights and company.

He followed me; but we were both some time silent.

"So you will not explain to me your situation?" said he, at length.

"No, Sir," answered I, disdainfully.

"Nor yet—suffer me to make my own interpretation?—"

I could not bear this strange manner of speaking; it made my very soul shudder,—and I burst into tears.

He flew to me, and actually flung himself at my feet, as if regardless who might see him, saying "O Miss Anville—loveliest of women—forgive my—my—I beseech you forgive me;—if I have offended,—if I have hurt you—I could kill myself at the thought!—"

"No matter, Sir, no matter," cried I, "if I can but find my friends,—I will never speak to—never see you again!"

"Good God!—good Heaven!—my dearest life, what is it I have done?—what is it I have said?—"

"You best know, Sir, *what* and *why*;—but don't hold me here,—let *me* be gone, and do *you!*"

"Not till you forgive me!—I cannot part with you in anger."

"For shame, for shame, Sir!" cried I indignantly,

indignantly, "do you ſuppoſe I am to be thus compelled?—do you take advantage of the abſence of my friends, to affront me?"

"No, Madam," cried he, riſing, "I would ſooner forfeit my life than act ſo mean a part. But you have flung me into amazement unſpeakable, and you will not condeſcend to liſten to my requeſt of giving me ſome explanation."

"The manner, Sir," ſaid I, "in which you ſpoke that requeſt, made, and will make me ſcorn to anſwer it."

"Scorn!—I will own to you, I expected not ſuch diſpleaſure from Miſs Anville."

"Perhaps, Sir, if you had, you would leſs voluntarily have merited it."

My deareſt life, ſurely it muſt be known to you, that the man does not breathe, who adores you ſo paſſionately, ſo fervently, ſo tenderly as I do!—why then will you delight in perplexing me?—in keeping me in ſuſpence—in torturing me with doubt?—"

—"I, Sir, delight in perplexing you!—You are much miſtaken.—Your ſuſpence, your doubts, your perplexities,—are of your own creating; and believe me, Sir, they may *offend*, but they can never *delight* me.—

but, as you have yourself raised, you must yourself satisfy them."

Good God!—that such haughtiness and such sweetness can inhabit the same mansion!

I made no answer, but quickening my pace, I walked on silently and sullenly; till this most impetuous of men, snatching my hand, which he grasped with violence, besought me to forgive him, with such earnestness of supplication, that, merely to escape his importunities, I was forced to speak, and, in some measure, to grant the pardon he requested: though it was accorded with a very ill grace: but, indeed, I knew not how to resist the humility of his entreaties; you never shall I recollect the occasion he gave me of displeasure, without feeling it renewed.

We now soon arrived in the midst of the general crowd, and my own safety being then insured, I grew extremely uneasy for the Miss Branghtons, whose danger, however imprudently incurred by their own folly, I too well knew how to tremble for. To this consideration all my pride of heart yielded, and I determined to seek my party with the utmost speed; though not without a sigh did I recollect the fruitless attempt I had made, after the opera, of concealing from this man my unfortunate connections,

nections, which I was now obliged to make known.

I haſtened, therefore, to the room, with a view of ſending young Branghton to the aid of his ſiſters. In a very ſhort time, I perceived Madame Duval, and the reſt, looking at one of the paintings. I muſt own to you, honeſtly, my dear Sir, that an involuntary repugnance ſeized me, at preſenting ſuch a ſet to Sir Clement,—he who had been uſed to ſee me in parties ſo different!—My pace ſlackened as I approached them,—but they preſently perceived me.

"*Ah, Mademoiſelle!*" cried Mr. Du Bois, "*Que je ſuis charmé de vous voir!*"

"Bray, Miſs!" cried Mr. Brown, "where's Miſs Polly?"

"Why, Miſs, you've been a long while gone," ſaid Mr. Branghton; "we thought you'd been loſt. But what have you done with your couſins?"

I heſitated,—for Sir Clement regarded me with a look of wonder.

"*Bardi,*" cried Madame Duval, "I ſha'n't let you leave me again in a hurry. Why, here we've been in ſuch a fright! and all the while, I ſuppoſe you've been thinking nothing about the matter!"

"Well," ſaid young Branghton, "as

long as Miss is come back, I don't mind, for as to Bid and Poll, they can take care of themselves. But the best joke is, Mr. Smith is gone all about a looking for you."

These speeches were made almost all in a breath: but when, at last, they waited for an answer, I told them, that in walking up one of the long alleys, we had been frightened and separated.

"The long alleys!" repeated Mr. Branghton, "and, pray, what had you to do in the long alleys? why, to be sure, you must all of you have had a mind to be affronted!"

This speech was not more impertinent to me, than surprising to Sir Clement, who regarded all the party with evident astonishment. However, I told young Branghton that no time ought to be lost, for that his sisters might require his immediate protection.

"But how will they get it?" cried this brutal brother; "if they've a mind to behave in such a manner as that, they ought to protect themselves, and so they may for me."

"Well," said the simple Mr. Brown, "whether you go or no, I think I may as well see after Miss Polly."

The father, then, interfering, insisted that

that his ſon ſhould accompany him; and away they went.

It was now that Madame Duval firſt perceived Sir Clement; to whom turning with a look of great diſpleaſure, ſhe angrily ſaid, "*Ma foi*, ſo you are comed here, of all the people in the world!—I wonder, child, you would let ſuch a—ſuch a *perſon* as that keep company with you."

"I am very ſorry, Madam," ſaid Sir Clement, in a tone of ſurpriſe, "if I have been ſo unfortunate as to offend you; but I believe you will not regret the honour I now have of attending Miſs Anville, when you hear that I have been ſo happy as to do her ſome ſervice."

Juſt as Madame Duval, with her uſual *Ma foi*, was beginning to reply, the attention of Sir Clement was wholly drawn from her, by the appearance of Mr. Smith, who coming ſuddenly behind me, and freely putting his hands on my ſhoulders, cried, "O ho, my little runaway, have I found you at laſt? I have been ſcampering all over the gardens for you, for I was determined to find you, if you were above ground.—But how could you be ſo cruel as to leave us?"

I turned round to him, and looked with a degree of contempt that I hoped would have quieted him; but he had not the-

sense to understand me; and, attempting to take my hand, he added, "Such a demure-looking lady as you are, who'd have thought of your leading one such a dance? —Come, now, don't be so coy, — only think what a trouble I have had in running after you!"

"The trouble, Sir," said I, "was of your own choice, — not mine." And I walked round to the other side of Madame Duval.

Perhaps I was too proud, — but I could not endure that Sir Clement, whose eyes followed him with looks of the most surprised curiosity, should witness his unwelcome familiarity.

Upon my removal, he came up to me, and, in a low voice, said, "You are not, then, with the Mirvans?"

"No, Sir."

"And pray — may I ask, — have you left them long?"

"No, Sir."

"How unfortunate I am! — but yesterday I sent to acquaint the Captain I should reach the Grove by to-morrow noon! However, I shall get away as fast as possible. Shall you be long in town?"

"I believe not, Sir."

"And then, when you leave it — which way

way—will you allow me to ask, which way you ſhall travel?"

"Indeed,—I don't know."

"Not know!—But do you return to the Mirvans any more?"

"I—I can't tell, Sir."

And then, I addreſſed myſelf to Madame Duval, with ſuch a pretended earneſtneſs, that he was obliged to be ſilent.

As he cannot but obſerve the great change in my ſituation, which he knows not how to account for, there is ſomething in all theſe queſtions, and this unreſtrained curioſity, that I did not expect from a man, who when he pleaſes can be ſo well-bred, as Sir Clement Willoughby. He ſeems diſpoſed to think that the alteration in my companions authoriſes an alteration in his manners. It is true, he has always treated me with uncommon freedom, but never before with ſo diſreſpectful an abruptneſs. This obſervation, which he has given me cauſe to make, of his *changing with the tide*, has ſunk him more in my opinion, than any other part of his conduct.

Yet I could almoſt have laughed, when I looked at Mr. Smith, who no ſooner ſaw me addreſſed by Sir Clement, than, retreating aloof from the company, he ſeemed to loſe at once all his happy

ſelf-

ſelf-ſufficiency and conceit; looking now at the baronet, now at himſelf, ſurveying, with ſorrowful eyes, his dreſs, ſtruck with his air, his geſtures, his eaſy gaiety; he gazed at him with envious admiration, and ſeemed himſelf, with conſcious inferiority, to ſhrink into nothing.

Soon after, Mr. Brown, running up to us, called out, "La, what, i'n't Miſs Polly come yet?"

"Come!" ſaid Mr. Brangiton, "why, I thought you went to fetch her yourſelf, did n't you?"

"Yes, but I could n't find her,—yet I dare ſay I've been over half the garden."

"Half! but why did not you go over it all?"

"Why, ſo I will: but only I thought I'd juſt come and ſee if ſhe was here firſt."

"But where's Tom?"

"Why, I don't know; for he would not ſtay with me, all as ever I could ſay; for we met ſome young gentlemen of his acquaintance, and ſo he bid me go and look by myſelf, for he ſaid, ſays he, I can divert myſelf better another way, ſays he."

This account being given, away again went this filly young man! and Mr. Brangiton,

Branghton, extremely incenſed, ſaid he would go and ſee after them himſelf.

"So now," cried Madame Duval, "he's gone too! why, at this rate we ſhall have to wait for one or other of them all night!"

Obſerving that Sir Clement ſeemed diſpoſed to renew his enquiries, I turned towards one of the paintings, and, pretending to be very much occupied in looking at it, aſked M. Du Bois ſome queſtions concerning the figures.

"O, *Mon Dieu!*" cried Madame Duval, "don't aſk him; your beſt way is to aſk Mr. Smith, for he's been here the oftenеſt. Come, Mr. Smith, I dare ſay you can tell us all about them."

"Why, yes, Ma'am, yes," ſaid Mr. Smith, who, brightening up at this application, advanced towards us, with an air of aſſumed importance, which, however, ſat very uneaſily upon him, and begged to know what he ſhould explain firſt. "For I have attended," ſaid he, "to all theſe paintings, and know every thing in them perfectly well; for I am rather fond of pictures, Ma'am; and really, I muſt ſay, I think a pretty picture is a—a very—is really a very—is ſomething very pretty—"

"So do I too," ſaid Madame Duval, "but pray now, Sir, tell us who that is meant

meant for," pointing to a figure of Neptune.

"That!—why that, Ma'am, is—Lord bless me, I can't think how I come to be so stupid, but really I have forgot his name,—and yet, I know it as well as my own, too,—however, he's a *General*, Ma'am, they are all Generals."

I saw Sir Clement bite his lips; and, indeed, so did I mine.

"Well," said Madame Duval, "it's the oddest dress for a General ever I see!"

"He seems so capital a figure," said Sir Clement to Mr. Smith, "that I imagine he must be *Generalissimo* of the whole army."

"Yes, Sir, yes," answered Mr. Smith, respectfully bowing, and highly delighted at being thus referred to, "you are perfectly right,—but I cannot for my life think of his name;—perhaps, Sir, you may remember it?"

"No, really," replied Sir Clement, "my acquaintance among the Generals is not so extensive."

The ironical tone of voice in which Sir Clement spoke, entirely disconcerted Mr. Smith; who, again retiring to an humble distance, seemed sensibly mortified at the failure of his attempt to recover his consequence.

Soon after, Mr. Branghton returned, with

with his youngeſt daughter, whom he had reſcued from a party of inſolent young men; but he had not yet been able to find the eldeſt. Miſs Polly was really frightened, and declared ſhe would never go into the dark walks again. Her father, leaving her with us, went in queſt of her ſiſter.

While ſhe was relating her adventures, to which nobody liſtened more attentively than Sir Clement, we ſaw Mr. Brown enter the room. "O la!" cried Miſs Polly, "let me hide myſelf, and don't tell him I'm come."

She then placed herſelf behind Madame Duval, in ſuch a manner that ſhe could not be ſeen.

"So Miſs Polly is not come yet!" ſaid the ſimple ſwain; "well, I can't think where ſhe can be! I've been a looking, and looking, and looking all about, and I can't find her, all I can do."

"Well but, Mr. Brown," ſaid Mr. Smith, "ſhan't you go and look for the lady again?"

"Yes, Sir," ſaid he, ſitting down, "but I muſt reſt me a little bit firſt. You can't think how tired I am."

"O fie, Mr. Brown, fie," cried Mr. Smith, winking at us, "tired of looking for a lady! Go, go, for ſhame!

"So I will, Sir, preſently; but you'd

be

be tired too, if you'd walked so far: besides, I think she's gone out of the garden, or else I must have seen something or other of her."

A *he, he, he!* of the tittering Polly, now betrayed her, and so ended this ingenious little artifice.

At last appeared Mr. Branghton and Miss Biddy, who, with a face of mixed anger and confusion, addressing herself to me, said, "So, Miss, so you ran away from me! Well, see if I don't do as much by you, some day or other! But I thought how it would be, you'd no mind to leave the *gentlemen*, though you'd run away from *us*."

I was so much surprised at this attack, that I could not answer her for very amazement; and she proceeded to tell us how ill she had been used, and that two young men had been making her walk up and down the dark walks by absolute force, and as fast as ever they could hear her along; and many other particulars, which I will not tire you with relating. In conclusion, looking at Mr. Smith, she said, "But, to be sure, thought I, at last all the company will be looking for me; for I little expected to find you all here, talking as comfortably as ever you can. However, I know I may thank my cousin for it!"

"If

"If you mean me, Madam," said I, very much ſhocked, "I am quite ignorant in what manner I can have been acceſſary to your diſtreſs."

"Why, by running away ſo. If you'd ſtayed with us, I'll anſwer for it, Mr. Smith, and M. Du Bois would have come to look for us; but I ſuppoſe they could not leave your ladyſhip."

The folly and unreaſonableneſs of this ſpeech would admit of no anſwer. But what a ſcene was this for Sir Clement! his ſurpriſe was evident; and, I muſt acknowledge, my confuſion was equally great.

We had now to wait for young Braughton, who did not appear for ſome time; and, during this interval, it was with difficulty that I avoided Sir Clement, who was on the rack of curioſity, and dying to ſpeak to me.

When, at laſt, the hopeful youth returned, a long and frightful quarrel enſued between him and his father, in which his ſiſters occaſionally joined, concerning his neglect; and he defended himſelf only by a brutal mirth, which he indulged at their expence.

Every one, now, ſeemed inclined to depart, when, as uſual, a diſpute aroſe, upon the way of our going, whether in a

coach

coach or a boat. After much debating, it was determined that we ſhould make two parties, one by the water and the other by land; for Madame Duval declared ſhe would not, upon any account, go into a boat at night.

Sir Clement then ſaid, that if ſhe had no carriage in waiting, he ſhould be happy to ſee her and me ſafe home, as his was in readineſs.

Fury ſtarted into her eyes, and paſſion inflamed every feature, as ſhe anſwered, "*Pardi*, no—you may take care of yourſelf, if you pleaſe; but as to me, I promiſe you I ſha'n't truſt myſelf with no ſuch perſon."

He pretended not to comprehend her meaning, yet, to wave a diſcuſſion, acquieſced in her refuſal. The coach party fixed upon conſiſted of Madame Duval, M. Du Bois, Miſs Branghton, and myſelf.

I now began to rejoice, in private, that, at leaſt, our lodgings would be neither ſeen nor known by Sir Clement. We ſoon met with an hackney-coach, into which he handed me, and then took leave.

Madame Duval, having already given the coachman her direction, he mounted the box, and we were juſt driving off, when Sir Clement exclaimed, "By Heaven, this

is the very coach I had in waiting for myſelf!

"This coach, your honour!" ſaid the man, "no, that it isn't."

Sir Clement, however, ſwore that it was, and, preſently, the man, begging his pardon, ſaid he had really forgotten that he was engaged.

I have no doubt but that this ſcheme occurred to him at the moment, and that he made ſome ſign to the coachman, which induced him to ſupport it: for there is not the leaſt probability that the accident really happened, as it is moſt likely his own chariot was in waiting.

The man then opened the coach-door, and Sir Clement advancing to it, ſaid, "I don't believe there is another carriage to be had, or I would not incommode you; but, as it may be diſagreeable to you to wait here any longer, I beg you will not get out, for you ſhall be ſet down before I am carried home, if you will be ſo good as to make a little room."

And ſo ſaying, in he jumpt, and ſeated himſelf between M. Du Bois and me, while our aſtoniſhment at the whole tranſaction was too great for ſpeech. He then ordered the coachman to drive on, according to the directions he had already received.

For the firſt ten minutes, no one uttered a word;

a worth; and then, Madame Duval, no longer able to contain herself, exclaimed, "*Ma foi*, if this is n't one of the impudentest things ever I see!"

Sir Clement, regardless of this rebuke, attended only to me; however, I answered nothing he said, when I could possibly avoid so doing. Miss Branghton made several attempts to attract his notice, but in vain, for he would not take the trouble of paying her any regard.

Madame Duval, during the rest of the ride, addressed herself to M. Du Bois in French, and in that language exclaimed with great vehemence against boldness and assurance.

I was extremely glad when I thought our journey must be nearly at an end, for my situation was very uneasy to me, as Sir Clement perpetually endeavoured to take my hand. I looked out of the coach-window, to see if we were near home; Sir Clement, stooping over me, did the same, and then, in a voice of infinite wonder, called out, "Where the d—l is the man driving to? —why we are in broad St. Giles's!"

"O, he's very right," cried Madame Duval, "so never trouble your head about that, for I sha'n't go by no directions of your's, I promise you."

When, at last, we stopped, at *an Hosier's*

in *High Holborn*.—Sir Clement said nothing, but his eye, I saw, were very busily employed in viewing the place, and the situation of the house. "The coach, he said, belonged to him, and therefore he insisted upon paying for it; and then he took leave. M. Du Bois walked home with Miss Branghton, and Madame Duval and I retired to our apartments.

How disagreeable an evening's adventure! not one of the party seemed satisfied, except Sir Clement, who was in high spirits: but Madame Duval was enraged at meeting with him: Mr. Branghton, angry with his children: the frolic of the Miss Branghtons had exceeded their plan, and ended in their own distress: their brother was provoked that there had been no riot: Mr. Brown was tired: and Mr. Smith mortified. As to myself, I must acknowledge, nothing could be more disagreeable to me, than being seen by Sir Clement Willoughby with a party at once so vulgar in themselves, and so familiar to me.

And you, too, my dear Sir, will, I know, be sorry that I have met him; however, there is no apprehension of his visiting here, as Madame Duval is far too angry to admit him.

LETTER

LETTER XVI.

Evelina in continuation.

Holborn, June 18th.

MADAME Duval roſe very late this morning, and, at one o'clock, we had but juſt breakfaſted, when Miſs Branghton, her brother, Mr. Smith, and Monſieur Du Bois, called to enquire after our healths.

This civility in young Branghton, I much ſuſpect, was merely the reſult of his father's commands; but his ſiſter and Mr. Smith, I ſoon found, had motives of their own. Scarce had they ſpoken to Madame Duval, when, advancing eagerly to me, "Pray, Ma'am," ſaid Mr. Smith, "Who was that gentleman?"

"Pray, Couſin," cried Miſs Branghton, "was not he the ſame gentleman you ran away with that night at the opera?"

"Goodneſs! that he was," ſaid young Branghton; "and, I declare, as ſoon as ever I ſaw him, I thought I knew his face."

"I'm ſure I'll defy you to forget him," anſwered his ſiſter, "if once you had ſeen him: he is the fineſt gentleman I ever ſaw

ſaw in my life; don't you think ſo, Mr. Smith?"

"Why, you won't give the Lady time to ſpeak," ſaid Mr. Smith.——"Pray, Ma'am, what is the gentleman's name?"

"Willoughby, Sir."

"Willoughby! I think I have heard the name. Pray, Ma'am, is he married?"

"Lord, no, that he is not," cried Miſs Branghton; "he looks too ſmart, by a great deal, for a married man. Pray, Couſin, how did you get acquainted with him?"

"Pray, Miſs," ſaid young Branghton, in the ſame breath, "what's his buſineſs?"

"Indeed I don't know," anſwered I.

"Something very genteel, I dare ſay," added Miſs Branghton, "becauſe he dreſſes ſo fine."

"It ought to be ſomething that brings in a good income," ſaid Mr. Smith, "for I'm ſure he did not get that ſuit of cloaths he had on, under thirty or forty pounds; for I know the price of cloaths pretty well;—pray, Ma'am, can you tell me what he has a year?"

"Don't talk no more about him," cried Madame Duval, "for I don't like to hear his name; I believe he's one of the worſt perſons in the world; for though I never did him no manner of harm, nor ſo much as hurt a hair of his head, I know he was

an accomplice with that fellow, Captain Mirvan, to take away my life."

Every body but myſelf, now crowding around her for an explanation, a violent rapping at the ſtreet-door was unheard; and, without any previous notice, in the midſt of her narration, Sir Clement Willoughby entered the room. They all ſtarted, and, with looks of guilty confuſion, as if they feared his reſentment for having liſtened to Madame Duval, they ſcrambled for chairs, and in a moment were all formally ſeated.

Sir Clement, after a general bow, ſingling out Madame Duval, ſaid, with his uſual eaſineſs, "I have done myſelf the honour of waiting on you, Madam, to enquire if you have any commands to Howard Grove, whither I am going to-morrow morning."

Then, ſeeing the ſtorm that gathered in her eyes, before he allowed her time to anſwer, he addreſſed himſelf to me;—"And if you, Madam, have any with which you will honour me, I ſhall be happy to execute them."

"None at all, Sir."

"None!—not to Miſs Mirvan!—no meſſage! no letter!—"

"I wrote to Miſs Mirvan yeſterday by the poſt."

"My application ſhould have been earlier, had I ſooner known your addreſs."

"Ma

"*Ma foi*," cried Madame Duval, recovering from her ſurpriſe, "I believe never nobody ſaw the like of this!"

"Of what! Madam!" cried the undaunted Sir Clement, turning quick towards her, "I hope no one has offended you!"

"You don't hope no ſuch a thing!" cried ſhe, half choaked with paſſion, and riſing from her chair. This motion was followed by the reſt, and, in a moment, every body ſtood up.

Still Sir Clement was not abaſhed; affecting to make a bow of *acknowledgement* to the company in general, he ſaid, "Pray —I beg—Ladies,—Gentlemen,—pray don't let me diſturb you, pray keep your ſeats."

"Pray, Sir," ſaid Miſs Branghton, moving a chair towards him, "won't you ſit down yourſelf?"

"You are extremely good, Ma'am:—rather than make any diſturbance—"

And ſo ſaying, this ſtrange man ſeated himſelf, as did, in an inſtant, every body elſe, even Madame Duval herſelf, who, overpowered by his boldneſs, ſeemed too full for utterance.

He then, and with as much compoſure as if he had been an expected gueſt, began to diſcourſe on the weather,—its uncer-

tainty,—the heat of the public places in ſummer,—the emptineſs of the town,—and other ſuch common topics.

Nobody, however, anſwered him; Mr. Smith ſeemed afraid, young Branghton aſhamed, M. Du Bois amazed, Madame Duval enraged, and myſelf determined not to interfere. All that he could obtain, was the notice of Miſs Branghton, whoſe nods, ſmiles, and attention, had ſome appearance of entering into converſation with him.

At length, growing tired, I ſuppoſe, of engaging every body's eyes, and nobody's tongue; addreſſing himſelf to Madame Duval and to me, he ſaid, "I regard myſelf as peculiarly unfortunate, Ladies, in having fixed upon a time for my viſit to Howard Grove, when you are abſent from it."

"So I ſuppoſe, Sir, ſo I ſuppoſe," cried Madame Duval, haſtily riſing, and the next moment as haſtily ſeating herſelf,—"you'll be a wanting of ſomebody to make your game of, and ſo you may think to get *me* there again;—but, I promiſe you, Sir, you won't find it ſo eaſy a matter to make me a fool: and beſides that," raiſing her voice, "I've found you out, I aſſure you; ſo if ever you go to play your tricks upon me again, I'll make no more ado, but

but go directly to a juſtice of peace; ſo, Sir, if you can't think of nothing but making people ride about the country, at all hours of the night, juſt for your diverſion, why you'll find I know ſome juſtices, as well as Juſtice Tyrrel."

Sir Clement was evidently embarraſſed at this attack; yet he affected a look of ſurpriſe, and proteſted he did not underſtand her meaning.

"Well," cried ſhe, "if I don't wonder where people can get ſuch impudence! if you'll ſay that, you'll ſay any thing; however, if you ſwear till you're black in the face, I ſha'n't believe you; for nobody ſha'n't perſuade me out of my ſenſes, that I'm reſolved."

"Doubtleſs not, Madam," anſwered he with ſome heſitation, "and I hope you do not ſuſpect I ever had ſuch an intention; my reſpect for you—"

"O Sir, you're vaſtly polite, all of a ſudden! but I know what it's all for;—it's only for what you can get!—you could treat me like nobody at Howard Grove—but now you ſee I've a houſe of my own, you've a mind to wheedle yourſelf into it; but I ſees your deſign, ſo you need n't trouble yourſelf to take no more trouble about that, for you ſhall never get nothing at my houſe,—not ſo much as a diſh of

tea:—ſo now, Sir, you ſee I can play you trick for trick."

There was ſomething ſo extremely groſs in this ſpeech, that it even diſconcerted Sir Clement, who was too much confounded to make any anſwer.

It was curious to obſerve the effect which his embarraſſment, added to the freedom with which Madame Duval addreſſed him, had upon the reſt of the company: every one, who, before, ſeemed at a loſs how, or if at all, to occupy a chair, now filled it with the moſt eaſy compoſure: and Mr. Smith, whoſe countenance had exhibited the moſt ſtriking picture of mortified envy, now began to recover his uſual expreſſion of ſatisfied conceit. Young Branghton, too, who had been apparently awed by the preſence of ſo fine a gentleman, was again himſelf, rude and familiar; while his mouth was wide diſtended into a broad grin, at hearing *his aunt give the beau ſuch a trimming*.

Madame Duval, encouraged by this ſucceſs, looked around her with an air of triumph, and continued her harangue: "And ſo, Sir, I ſuppoſe you thought to have had it all your own way, and to have comed here as often as you pleaſed, and to have got me to Howard Grove again, on purpoſe to have ſerved me as you did before; but

but you ſhall ſee I'm as cunning as you, ſo you may go and find ſomebody elſe to uſe in that manner, and to put your maſk on, and to make a fool of; for as to me, if you go to tell me your ſtories about the Tower again, for a month together, I'll never believe 'em no more; and I'll promiſe you, Sir, if you think I like ſuch jokes, you'll find I'm no ſuch perſon."

"I aſſure you, Ma'am,—upon my honour—I really don't comprehend—I fancy there is ſome miſunderſtanding—"

"What, I ſuppoſe you'll tell me next you don't know nothing of the matter?"

"Not a word, upon my honour."

O Sir Clement! thought I, is it thus you prize your honour!

"*Pardi*," cried Madame Duval, "this is the moſt provokingeſt part of all! why you might as well tell me I don't know my own name."

"Here is certainly ſome miſtake; for I aſſure you, Ma'am—"

"Don't aſſure me nothing," cried Madame Duval, raiſing her voice, "I know what I'm ſaying, and ſo do you too; for did not you tell me all that about the Tower, and about M. Du Bois?—why M. Du Bois was n't never there, nor nigh it, and ſo it was all your own invention."

"May there not be two perſons of the

ſame name? the miſtake was but natural.—"

"Don't tell me of no miſtake, for it was all on purpoſe; beſides, did not you come, all in a maſk, to the chariot-door, and help to get me put in that ditch?—I'll promiſe you, I've had the greateſt mind in the world to take the law of you ever ſince, and if ever you do as much again, ſo I will, I aſſure you!"

Here Miſs Branghton tittered; Mr. Smith ſmiled contemptuouſly, and young Branghton thruſt his handkerchief into his mouth to ſtop his laughter.

The ſituation of Sir Clement, who ſaw all that paſſed, became now very awkward, even to himſelf, and he ſtammered very much in ſaying, "Surely, Madam—ſurely you—you cannot do me the—the injuſtice to think—that I had any ſhare in the—the—the misfortune which—"

"*Ma foi*, Sir," cried Madame Duval, with encreaſing paſſion, "you'd beſt not ſtand talking to me at that rate; I know it *was* you,—and if you ſtay there, a provoking me in ſuch a manner, I'll ſend for a conſtable this minute."

Young Branghton, at theſe words, in ſpite of all his efforts, burſt into a loud laugh; nor could either his ſiſter, or Mr. Smith,

Smith, though with more moderation, forbear joining in his mirth.

Sir Clement darted his eyes towards them, with looks of the moſt angry contempt, and then told Madame Duval, that he would not now detain her to make his vindication, but would wait on her ſome time when ſhe was alone.

"O *pardi*, Sir," cried ſhe, "I don't deſire none of your company; and if you was n't the moſt boldeſt perſon in the world, you would not dare look me in the face."

The ha, ha, ha's, and he, he, he's, grew more and more uncontroulable, as if the reſtraint from which they had burſt, had added to their violence. Sir Clement could no longer endure being the object who excited them, and, having no anſwer ready for Madame Duval, he haſtily ſtalked towards Mr. Smith and young Branghton, and ſternly demanded what they laughed at.

Struck by the air of importance which he aſſumed, and alarmed at the angry tone of his voice, their merriment ceaſed, as inſtantaneouſly as if it had been directed by clock-work, and they ſtared fooliſhly, now at him, now at each other, without making any anſwer but a ſimple "*Nothing*, Sir!"

"O *pour le coup*," cried Madame Duval, "this is too much! pray, Sir, what buſineſs have you to come here, a ordering people that comes to ſee me? I ſuppoſe next, nobody muſt laugh but yourſelf!"

"With me, Madam," ſaid Sir Clement, bowing, "a *lady* may do any thing, and, conſequently, there is no liberty in which I ſhall not be happy to indulge *you*:—but it has never been my cuſtom to give the ſame licence to *gentlemen*."

Then, advancing to me, who had ſat very quietly, on a window, during this ſcene, he ſaid, "Miſs Anville, I may at leaſt acquaint our friends at Howard Grove, that I had the honour of leaving you in good health." And then, lowering his voice, he added, "For Heaven's ſake, my deareſt creature, who are theſe people? and how came you ſo ſtrangely ſituated?"

"I beg my reſpects to all the family, Sir," anſwered I, aloud, "and I hope you will find them well."

He looked at me reproachfully, but kiſſed my hand; and then, bowing to Madame Duval and Miſs Branghton, paſſed haſtily by the men, and made his exit.

I fancy he will not be very eager to repeat his viſits, for I ſhould imagine he has rarely, if ever, been before in a ſituation ſo awkward and diſagreeable.

Madame

Madame Duval has been all ſpirits and exultation ever ſince he went, and only wiſhes Captain Mirvan would call, that ſhe might *do the ſame by him*. Mr. Smith, upon hearing that he was a Baronet, and ſeeing him drive off in a very beautiful chariot, declared that he would not have laughed upon any account, had he known his rank, and regretted extremely having miſſed ſuch an opportunity of making ſo *genteel* an *acquaintance*. Young Branghton vowed, that, if he had known as much, he would have *aſked for his cuſtom:* and his ſiſter has ſung his praiſes ever ſince, proteſting ſhe thought, *all along*, he was a man of *quality* by his *look*.

LETTER XVII.

Evelina in continuation.

June 21.

THE laſt three evenings have paſſed tolerably quiet, for the Vauxhall adventures had given Madame Duval a ſurfeit of public places: home, however, ſoon growing tireſome, ſhe determined to-night, ſhe ſaid, to relieve her *ennui*, by ſome amuſement; and it was therefore ſettled that we ſhould call upon the Branghtons,

at their houſe, and thence proceed to Marybone Gardens.

But, before we reached Snow-Hill, we were caught in a ſhower of rain: we hurried into the ſhop, where the firſt object I ſaw was Mr. Macartney, with a book in his hand, ſeated in the ſame corner where I ſaw him laſt; but his looks were ſtill more wretched than before, his face yet thinner, and his eyes ſunk almoſt hollow into his head. He lifted them up as we entered, and I even thought that they emitted a gleam of joy: involuntarily, I made to him my firſt courteſy; he roſe and bowed, with a precipitation that manifeſted ſurpriſe and confuſion.

In a few minutes we were joined by all the family, except Mr. Smith, who fortunately was engaged.

Had all the future proſperity of our lives depended upon the good or bad weather of this evening, it could not have been treated as a ſubject of greater importance. "Sure never any thing was ſo unlucky!—" "Lord how provoking!—" "It might rain for ever, if it would hold up now!—" Theſe, and ſuch expreſſions, with many anxious obſervations upon the kennels, filled up all the converſation till the ſhower was over.

And then a very warm debate aroſe, whether

whether we ſhould purſue our plan, or defer it to ſome finer evening; the Miſs Branghtons were for the former; their father was ſure it would rain again; Madame Duval, though ſhe deteſted returning home, yet dreaded the dampneſs of the gardens.

M. Du Bois then propoſed going to the top of the houſe, to examine whether the clouds looked threatening or peaceable; Miſs Branghton, ſtarting at this propoſal, ſaid they might go to Mr. Macartney's room, if they would, but not to her's.

This was enough for the brother; who, with a loud laugh, declared he would have ſome *fun*, and immediately led the way, calling to us all to follow. His ſiſters both ran after, but no one elſe moved.

In a few minutes, young Branghton, coming half way down ſtairs, called out, "Lord, why don't you all come? why here's Poll's things all about the room!"

Mr. Branghton then went; and Madame Duval, who cannot bear to be excluded from whatever is going forward, was handed up ſtairs by M. Du Bois.

I heſitated a few moments, whether or not to join them; but, ſoon perceiving that Mr. Macartney had dropped his book, and that I engroſſed his whole attention, I

prepared, from mere embarraſſment, to follow them.

As I went, I heard him move from his chair, and walk ſlowly after me. Believing that he wiſhed to ſpeak to me, and earneſtly deſiring myſelf to know if, by your means, I could poſſibly be of any ſervice to him, I firſt ſlackened my pace, and then turned back. But, though I thus met him half-way, he ſeemed to want courage or reſolution to addreſs me; for when he ſaw me returning, with a look extremely diſordered, he retreated haſtily from me.

Not knowing what I ought to do, I went to the ſtreet-door, where I ſtood ſome time, hoping he would be able to recover himſelf: but, on the contrary, his agitation encreaſed every moment; he walked up and down the room, in a quick, but unſteady pace, ſeeming equally diſtreſſed and irreſolute: and, at length, with a deep ſigh, he flung himſelf into a chair.

I was ſo much affected by the appearance of ſuch extreme anguiſh, that I could remain no longer in the room; I therefore glided by him, and went up ſtairs; but, ere I had gone five ſteps, he precipitately followed me, and, in a broken voice, called out, "Madam!—for Heaven's ſake—"

He ſtopped, but I inſtantly deſcended, reſtraining,

reſtraining, as well as I was able, the fullneſs of my own concern. I waited ſome time, in painful expectation, for his ſpeaking: all that I had heard of his poverty, occurring to me, I was upon the point of preſenting him my purſe, but the fear of miſtaking or offending him, deterred me. Finding, however, that he continued ſilent, I ventured to ſay, "Did you—Sir, wiſh to ſpeak to me?"

"I did!" cried he, with quickneſs, "but now—I cannot!"—

"Perhaps, Sir, another time,—perhaps if you recollect yourſelf—"

"Another time!" repeated he mournfully, "alas! I look not forward but to miſery and deſpair!"

"O Sir," cried I, extremely ſhocked, "you muſt not talk thus!—if you forſake *yourſelf*, how can you expect—"

I ſtopped. "Tell me, tell me," cried he, with eagerneſs, "who you are?—whence you come?—and by what ſtrange means you ſeem to be arbitreſs and ruler of the deſtiny of ſuch a wretch as I am?"

"Would to Heaven," cried I, "I could ſerve you!"

"You can!"

"And how? pray tell me how?"

"To tell you—is death to me! yet I *will* tell you,—I have a *right* to your aſſiſtance,

ance,—you have deprived me of the only resource to which I could apply,—and therefore—"

"Pray, pray, ſpeak;" cried I, putting my hand into my pocket, "they will be down ſtairs in a moment!"

"I will, Madam.—Can you—will you—I think you will!—may I then—" he ſtopped and paused, "ſay, will you——" then ſuddenly turning from me, "Great Heaven! I cannot ſpeak!" and he went back to the ſhop.

I now put my purſe in my hand, and following him, ſaid, "If indeed, Sir, I can aſſiſt you, why ſhould you deny me ſo great a ſatisfaction? Will you permit me to—"

I dared not go on; but with a countenance very much ſoftened, he approached me, and ſaid, "Your voice, Madam, is the voice of compaſſion!—ſuch a voice as theſe ears have long been ſtrangers to!"

Juſt then, young Branghton called out vehemently to me, to come up ſtairs; I ſeized the opportunity of haſtening away: and therefore ſaying, "Heaven, Sir, protect and comfort you!" I let fall my purſe upon the ground, not daring to preſent it to him, and ran up ſtairs with the utmoſt ſwiftneſs.

Too well do I know you, my ever honoured Sir, to fear your diſpleaſure for this action:

action: I must, however, assure you I shall need no fresh supply during my stay in town, as I am at little expence, and hope soon to return to Howard Grove.

Soon, did I say! when not a fortnight is yet expired, of the long and tedious month I must linger out here!

I had many witticisms to endure from the Branghtons, upon account of my staying so long with the *Scotch mope*, as they call him; but I attended to them very little, for my whole heart was filled with pity and concern. I was very glad to find the Marybone scheme was deferred, another shower of rain having put a stop to the dissension upon this subject; the rest of the evening was employed in most violent quarrelling between Miss Polly and her brother, on account of the discovery made by the latter, of the state of her apartment.

We came home early; and I have stolen from Madame Duval and M. Du Bois, who is here for ever, to write to my best friend.

I am most sincerely rejoiced, that this opportunity has offered for my contributing what little relief was in my power, to this unhappy man; and I hope it will be sufficient to enable him to pay his debts to this pitiless family.

LETTER

LETTER XVIII.

Mr. Villars to Evelina.

Berry Hill.

DISPLEASURE? my Evelina!—you have but done your duty; you have but ſhewn that humanity without which I ſhould bluſh to own my child. It is mine, however, to ſee that your generoſity be not repreſſed by your ſuffering from indulging it; I remit to you, therefore, not merely a token of my approbation, but an acknowledgement of my deſire to participate in your charity.

O my child, were my fortune equal to my confidence in thy benevolence, with what tranſport ſhould I, through thy means, devote it to the relief of indigent virtue! yet let us not repine at the limitation of our power, for, while our bounty is proportioned to our ability, the difference of the greater or leſs donation, can weigh but little in the ſcale of juſtice.

In reading your account of the miſguided man, whoſe miſery has ſo largely excited your compaſſion, I am led to apprehend, that his unhappy ſituation is leſs the effect of misfortune, than of miſconduct. If he is reduced to that ſtate of poverty repreſented

ſented by the Branghtons, he ſhould endeavour by activity and induſtry to retrieve his affairs; and not paſs his time in idle reading in the very ſhop of his creditor.

The piſtol ſcene made me ſhudder: the courage with which you purſued this deſperate man, at once delighted and terrified me. Be ever thus, my deareſt Evelina, dauntleſs in the cauſe of diſtreſs! let no weak fears, no timid doubts, deter you from the exertion of your duty, according to the fulleſt ſenſe of it that Nature has implanted in your mind. Though gentleneſs and modeſty are the peculiar attributes of your ſex, yet fortitude and firmneſs, when occaſion demands them, are virtues as noble and as becoming in women as in men: the right line of conduct is the ſame for both ſexes, though the manner in which it is purſued, may ſomewhat vary, and be accommodated to the ſtrength or weakneſs of the different travellers.

There is, however, ſomething ſo myſterious in all you have yet ſeen or heard of this wretched man, that I am unwilling to ſtamp a bad impreſſion of his character, upon ſo ſlight and partial a knowledge of it. Where any thing is doubtful, the ties of ſociety, and the laws of humanity, claim a favourable interpretation; but remember,

my

my dear child, that thoſe of diſcretion have an equal claim to your regard.

As to Sir Clement Willoughby, I know not how to expreſs my indignation at his conduct. Inſolence ſo inſufferable, and the implication of ſuſpicions ſo ſhocking, irritate me to a degree of wrath, which I hardly thought my almoſt worn-out paſſions were capable of again experiencing. You muſt converſe with him no more; he imagines, from the pliability of your temper, that he may offend you with impunity; but his behaviour juſtifies, nay, calls for, your avowed reſentment: do not, therefore, heſitate in forbidding him your ſight.

The Branghtons, Mr. Smith, and young Brown, however ill-bred and diſagreeable, are objects too contemptible for ſerious diſpleaſure: yet I grieve much that my Evelina ſhould be expoſed to their rudeneſs and impertinence.

The very day that this tedious month expires, I ſhall ſend Mrs. Clinton to town, who will accompany you to Howard Grove. Your ſtay there will, I hope, be ſhort, for I feel daily an encreaſing impatience to fold my beloved child to my boſom!

ARTHUR VILLARS.

LETTER

LETTER XIX.

Evelina to the Rev. Mr. Villars.

Holborn, June 27th.

I Have juſt received, my deareſt Sir, your kind preſent, and ſtill kinder letter. Surely never had orphan ſo little to regret as your grateful Evelina! Though motherleſs, though worſe than fatherleſs, bereft from infancy of the two firſt and greateſt bleſſings of life, never has ſhe had cauſe to deplore their loſs; never has ſhe felt the omiſſion of a parent's tenderneſs, care, or indulgence; never, but from ſorrow for *them*, had reaſon to grieve at the ſeparation! Moſt thankfully do I receive the token of your approbation, and moſt ſtudiouſly will I endeavour ſo to diſpoſe of it, as may merit your generous confidence in my conduct.

Your doubts concerning Mr. Macartney give me ſome uneaſineſs. Indeed, Sir, he has not the appearance of a man whoſe ſorrows are the effect of guilt. But I hope, before I leave town, to be better acquainted with his ſituation, and enabled, with more certainty of his worth, to recommend him to your favour.

I am

I am very willing to relinquish all acquaintance with Sir Clement Willoughby, as far as it may depend upon myself so to do; but indeed, I know not how I should be able to absolutely *forbid him my sight.*

Miss Mirvan, in her last letter, informs me that he is now at Howard Grove, where he continues in high favour with the Captain, and is the life and spirit of the house. My time, since I wrote last, has passed very quietly; Madame Duval having been kept at home by a bad cold, and the Branghtons by bad weather. The young man, indeed, has called two or three times, and his behaviour, though equally absurd, is more unaccountable than ever: he speaks very little, takes hardly any notice of Madame Duval, and never looks at me, without a broad grin. Sometimes he approaches me, as if with intention to communicate intelligence of importance, and then, suddenly stopping short, laughs rudely in my face.

O how happy shall I be, when the worthy Mrs. Clinton arrives!

June 29th.

Yesterday morning, Mr. Smith called, to acquaint us that the Hampstead assembly was to be held that evening; and then he presented Madame Duval with one ticket,

and brought another to me. I thanked him for his intended civility, but told him I was ſurpriſed he had ſo ſoon forgotten my having already declined going to the ball.

"Lord, Ma'am," cried he, "how ſhould I ſuppoſe you was in earneſt? come, come, don't be croſs; here's your Grand-mama ready to take care of you, ſo you can have no fair objection, for ſhe'll ſee that I don't run away with you. Beſides, Ma'am, I got the tickets on purpoſe."

"If you were determined, Sir," ſaid I, "in making me this offer, to allow me no choice of refuſal or acceptance, I muſt think myſelf leſs obliged to your intention, than I was willing to do."

"Dear Ma'am," cried he, "you're ſo ſmart, there is no ſpeaking to you;—indeed, you are monſtrous ſmart, Ma'am! but come, your Grand-mama ſhall aſk you, and then I know you'll not be ſo cruel."

Madame Duval was very ready to interfere; ſhe deſired me to make no further oppoſition, ſaid ſhe ſhould go herſelf, and inſiſted upon my accompanying her. It was in vain that I remonſtrated; I only incurred her anger: and Mr. Smith, having given both the tickets to Madame Duval, with an air of triumph, ſaid he ſhould call early in the evening, and took leave.

I was much chagrined at being thus compelled

pelled to owe even the ſhadow of an obligation to ſo forward a young man; but I determined that nothing ſhould prevail upon me to dance with him, however my refuſal might give offence.

In the afternoon, when he returned, it was evident that he purpoſed to both charm and aſtoniſh me by his appearance; he was dreſſed in a very ſhowy manner, but without any taſte; and the inelegant ſmartneſs of his air and deportment, his viſible ſtruggle, againſt education, to put on the fine gentleman, added to his frequent conſcious glances at a dreſs to which he was but little accuſtomed, very effectually deſtroyed his aim of *figuring*, and rendered all his efforts uſeleſs.

During tea, entered Miſs Branghton and her brother. I was ſorry to obſerve the conſternation of the former, when ſhe perceived Mr. Smith. I had intended applying to her for advice upon this occaſion, but been always deterred by her diſagreeable abruptneſs. Having caſt her eyes ſeveral times from Mr. Smith to me, with manifeſt diſpleaſure, ſhe ſeated herſelf ſullenly in the window, ſcarce anſwering Madame Duval's enquiries, and when I ſpoke to her, turning abſolutely away from me.

Mr. Smith, delighted at this mark of his importance, ſat indolently quiet on his chair,

chair, endeavouring by his looks rather to diſplay, than to conceal, his inward ſatiſfaction.

"Good gracious!" cried young Branghton, "why, you're all as fine as five-pence! Why, where are you going?"

"To the Hampſtead ball," anſwered Mr. Smith.

"To a ball!" cried he, "Why, what, is Aunt going to a ball? Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yes, to be ſure," cried Madame Duval; "I don't know nothing need hinder me."

"And pray, Aunt, will you dance too?"

"Perhaps I may; but I ſuppoſe, Sir, that's none of your buſineſs, whether I do or not."

"Lord! well, I ſhould like to go! I ſhould like to ſee Aunt dance, of all things! But the joke is, I don't believe ſhe'll get ever a partner."

"You're the moſt rudeſt boy ever I ſee," cried Madame Duval angrily: "but, I promiſe you, I'll tell your father what you ſay, for I've no notion of ſuch vulgarneſs."

"Why, Lord, Aunt, what are you ſo angry for? there's no ſpeaking a word, but you fly into a paſſion: you're as bad as Biddy or Poll for that, for you're always a ſcolding."

"I deſire, Tom," cried Miſs Branghton, "you'd ſpeak for yourſelf, and not make ſo free with my name."

"There, now, ſhe's up! there's nothing but quarrelling with the women: it's my belief they like it better than victuals and drink."

"Fie, Tom," cried Mr. Smith, "you never remember your manners before the ladies: I'm ſure you never heard *me* ſpeak ſo rude to them."

"Why, Lord, *you* are a beau; but that's nothing to me. So, if you've a mind, you may be ſo polite as to dance with Aunt yourſelf." Then, with a loud laugh, he declared it would be *good fun* to ſee them.

"Let it be never ſo good, or never ſo bad," cried Madame Duval, "you won't ſee nothing of it, I promiſe you; ſo pray don't let me hear no more of ſuch vulgar pieces of fun; for, I aſſure you, I don't like it. And as to my dancing with Mr. Smith, you may ſee wonderfuller things than that any day in the week."

"Why, as to that, Ma'am," ſaid Mr. Smith, looking much ſurpriſed, "I always thought you intended to play at cards, and ſo I thought to dance with the young lady."

I gladly ſeized this opportunity to make my declaration, that I ſhould not dance at all.

"Not dance at all!" repeated Miſs Branghton; "yes, that's a likely matter truly, when people go to balls."

"I wiſh ſhe may n't," ſaid the brother; "'cauſe then Mr. Smith will have nobody but Aunt for a partner. Lord, how mad he'll be!"

"O, as to that," ſaid Mr. Smith, "I don't at all fear prevailing with the young lady, if once I get her to the room."

"Indeed, Sir," cried I, much offended by his conceit, "you are miſtaken; and therefore I beg leave to undeceive you, as you may be aſſured my reſolution will not alter."

"Then pray, Miſs, if it is not impertinent," cried Miſs Branghton, ſneeringly, "what do you go for?"

"Merely and ſolely," anſwered I, "to comply with the requeſt of Madame Duval."

"Miſs," cried young Branghton, "Bid only wiſhes it was ſhe, for ſhe has caſt a ſheep's-eye at Mr. Smith this long while."

"Tom," cried the ſiſter, riſing, "I've the greateſt mind in the world to box your ears! How dare you ſay ſuch a thing of me?"

"No, hang it, Tom, no, that's wrong," ſaid Mr. Smith, ſimpering, "it is indeed, to tell the lady's ſecrets.—But never mind him, Miſs Biddy, for I won't believe him."

"Why, I know Bid would give her ears to go," returned the brother; "but only Mr. Smith likes Miſs beſt,—ſo does every body elſe."

While the ſiſter gave him a very angry anſwer, Mr. Smith ſaid to me, in a low voice, "Why now, Ma'am, how can you be ſo cruel as to be ſo much handſomer than your couſins? Nobody can look at them when you are by."

"Miſs," cried young Branghton, "whatever he ſays to you, don't mind him, for he means no good; I'll give you my word for it, he'll never marry you, for he has told me again and again, he'll never marry as long as he lives; beſides, if he'd any mind to be married, there's Bid would have had him long ago, and thanked him too."

"Come, come, Tom, don't tell ſecrets; you'll make the ladies afraid of me: but, I aſſure you," lowering his voice, "if I *did* marry, it ſhould be your couſin."

Should be!—did you ever, my dear Sir, hear ſuch unauthoriſed freedom? I looked at him with a contempt I did not wiſh to repreſs,

repreſs, and walked to the other end of the room.

Very ſoon after, Mr. Smith ſent for a hackney-coach. When I would have taken leave of Miſs Branghton, ſhe turned angrily from me, without making any anſwer. She ſuppoſes, perhaps, that I have rather ſought, than endeavoured to avoid, the notice and civilities of this conceited young man.

The ball was at the *long room* at Hampſtead.

This room ſeems very well named, for I believe it would be difficult to find any other epithet which might, with propriety, diſtinguiſh it, as it is without ornament, elegance, or any ſort of ſingularity, and merely to be marked by its length.

I was ſaved from the importunities of Mr. Smith, the beginning of the evening, by Madame Duval's declaring her intention to dance the two firſt dances with him herſelf. Mr. Smith's chagrin was very evident, but as ſhe paid no regard to it, he was neceſſitated to lead her out.

I was, however, by no means pleaſed, when ſhe ſaid ſhe was determined to dance a minuet. Indeed, I was quite aſtoniſhed, not having had the leaſt idea ſhe would have conſented to, much leſs propoſed, ſuch an exhibition of her perſon. She had

ſome trouble to make her intentions known, as Mr. Smith was rather averſe to ſpeaking to the Maſter of the ceremonies.

During this minuet, how much did I rejoice in being ſurrounded only with ſtrangers! She danced in a ſtyle ſo uncommon; her age, her ſhowy dreſs, and an unuſual quantity of *rouge*, drew upon her the eyes, and, I fear, the deriſion of the whole company. Who ſhe danced with, I know not; but Mr. Smith was ſo ill bred as to laugh at her very openly, and to ſpeak of her with as much ridicule as was in his power. But I would neither look at, nor liſten to him; nor would I ſuffer him to proceed with a ſpeech which he began, expreſſive of his vexation at being forced to dance with her. I told him, very gravely, that complaints upon ſuch a ſubject might, with leſs impropriety, be made to every perſon in the room, than to me.

When ſhe returned to us, ſhe diſtreſſed me very much, by aſking what I thought of her minuet. I ſpoke as civilly as I could, but the coldneſs of my compliment evidently diſappointed her. She then called upon Mr. Smith to ſecure a good place among the country-dancers; and away they went, though not before he had taken the liberty to ſay to me in a low voice, "I proteſt to you, Ma'am, I ſhall be quite out

of

of countenance, if any of my acquaintance ſhould ſee me dancing with the old lady!"

For a few moments I very much rejoiced at being relieved from this troubleſome man; but ſcarce had I time to congratulate myſelf, before I was accoſted by another, who *begged the favour of hopping a dance* with me.

I told him that I ſhould not dance at all; but he thought proper to importune me, very freely, not to be ſo cruel; and I was obliged to aſſume no little haughtineſs before I could ſatisfy him I was ſerious.

After this, I was addreſſed, much in the ſame manner, by ſeveral other young men, of whom the appearance and language were equally inelegant and low-bred: ſo that I ſoon found my ſituation was both diſagreeable and improper; ſince, as I was quite alone, I fear I muſt ſeem rather to invite, than to forbid, the offers and notice I received. And yet, ſo great was my apprehenſion of this interpretation, that I am ſure, my dear Sir, you would have laughed had you ſeen how proudly grave I appeared.

I knew not whether to be glad or ſorry, when Madame Duval and Mr. Smith returned. The latter inſtantly renewed his tireſome entreaties, and Madame Duval ſaid ſhe would go to the card-table: and

as ſoon as ſhe was accommodated, ſhe deſired us to join the dancers.

I will not trouble you with the arguments which followed. Mr. Smith teazed me till I was weary of reſiſtance; and I ſhould at laſt have been obliged to ſubmit, had I not fortunately recollected the affair of Mr. Lovel, and told my perſecutor, that it was impoſſible I ſhould dance with him, even if I wiſhed it, as I had refuſed ſeveral perſons in his abſence.

He was not contented with being extremely chagrined, but took the liberty, openly and warmly, to expoſtulate with me upon not having ſaid I was engaged.

The total diſregard with which, involuntarily, I heard him, made him ſoon change the ſubject. In truth, I had no power to attend to him, for all my thoughts were occupied in re-tracing the tranſactions of the two former balls at which I had been preſent. The party—the converſation—the company—O how great the contraſt!

In a ſhort time, however, he contrived to draw my attention to himſelf, by his extreme impertinence; for he choſe to expreſs what he called his *admiration* of me, in terms ſo open and familiar, that he forced me to expreſs my diſpleaſure with equal plainneſs.

But how was I ſurpriſed, when I found

he

he had the temerity—what elſe can I call it?—to impute my reſentment to doubts of his honour; for he ſaid, "My dear Ma'am, you muſt be a little patient; I aſſure you I have no bad deſigns, I have not upon my word; but, really, there is no reſolving upon ſuch a thing as matrimony all at once; what with the loſs of one's liberty, and what with the ridicule of all one's acquaintance,—I aſſure you, Ma'am, you are the firſt lady who ever made me even demur upon this ſubject; for, after all, my dear Ma'am, marriage is the devil!"

"Your opinion, Sir," anſwered I, "of either the married or the ſingle life, can be of no manner of conſequence to me, and therefore I would by no means trouble you to diſcuſs their different merits."

"Why, really, Ma'am, as to your being a little out of ſorts, I muſt own I can't wonder at it, for, to be ſure, marriage is all in all with the ladies; but with us gentlemen it's quite another thing! Now only put yourſelf in my place,—ſuppoſe you had ſuch a large acquaintance of gentlemen as I have,—and that you had always been uſed to appear a little—a little ſmart among them,—why now, how ſhould you like to let yourſelf down all at once into a married man?"

I could not tell what to anſwer; ſo much conceit, and ſo much ignorance, both aſtoniſhed and ſilenced me.

"I aſſure you, Ma'am," added he, "there is not only Miſs Biddy, — though I ſhould have ſcorned to mention her, if her brother had not blab'd, for I'm quite particular in keeping ladies ſecrets,—but there are a great many other ladies that have been propoſed to me,—but I never thought twice of any of them, that is, not in a *ſerious* way,—ſo you may very well be proud," offering to take my hand, "for I aſſure you, there is nobody ſo likely to catch me at laſt as yourſelf."

"Sir," cried I, drawing myſelf back as haughtily as I could, "you are totally miſtaken, if you imagine you have given me any pride I felt not before, by this converſation; on the contrary, you muſt allow me to tell you, I find it too humiliating to bear with it any longer."

I then placed myſelf behind the chair of Madame Duval; who, when ſhe heard of the partners I had refuſed, pitied my ignorance of the world, but no longer inſiſted upon my dancing.

Indeed, the extreme vanity of this man makes me exert a ſpirit which I did not, till now, know that I poſſeſſed: but I cannot endure

endure that he ſhould think me at his diſpoſal.

The reſt of the evening paſſed very quietly, as Mr. Smith did not again attempt ſpeaking to me; except, indeed, after we had left the room, and while Madame Duval was ſeating herſelf in the coach, he ſaid, in a voice of *pique*, "Next time I take the trouble to get any tickets for a young lady, I'll make a bargain beforehand that ſhe ſha'n't turn me over to her grandmother."

We came home very ſafe; and thus ended this ſo long projected, and moſt diſagreeable affair.

LETTER XX.

Evelina in continuation.

I HAVE juſt received a moſt affecting letter from Mr. Macartney. I will incloſe it, my dear Sir, for your peruſal. More than ever have I cauſe to rejoice that I was able to aſſiſt him.

Mr. Macartney to Miſs Anville.

Madam,

IMPRESSED with the deepeſt, the moſt heart-felt ſenſe of the exalted humanity with which you have reſcued from deſtruction an unhappy ſtranger, allow me, with the humbleſt gratitude, to offer you my fervent acknowledgments, and to implore your pardon for the terror I have cauſed you.

You bid me, Madam, live: I have now, indeed, a motive for life, ſince I ſhould not willingly quit the world, while I withhold from the needy and diſtreſſed any ſhare of that charity which a diſpoſition ſo noble would, otherwiſe, beſtow upon them.

The benevolence with which you have intereſted yourſelf in my affairs, induces me to ſuppoſe you would wiſh to be acquainted with the cauſe of that deſperation from which you ſnatched me, and the particulars of that miſery of which you have, ſo wonderfully, been a witneſs. Yet, as this explanation will require that I ſhould divulge ſecrets of a nature the moſt delicate, I muſt entreat you to regard them as ſacred, even though I forbear to mention the names of the parties concerned.

I was brought up in Scotland, though my mother, who had the ſole care of me, was an Engliſhwoman, and had not one relation in that country. She devoted to me her whole time. The retirement in which we lived, and the diſtance from our natural friends, ſhe often told me, were the effect of an unconquerable melancholy with which ſhe was ſeized, upon the ſudden loſs of my father, ſome time before I was born.

At Aberdeen, where I finiſhed my education, I formed a friendſhip with a young man of fortune, which I conſidered as the chief happineſs of my life;—but, when he quitted his ſtudies, I conſidered it as my chief misfortune, for he immediately prepared, by direction of his friends, to make the tour of Europe. As I was deſigned for the church, and had no proſpect even of maintenance but from my own induſtry, I ſcarce dared permit even a wiſh of accompanying him. It is true, he would joyfully have borne my expences; but my affection was as free from meanneſs as his own, and I made a determination the moſt ſolemn, never to leſſen its dignity, by ſubmitting to pecuniary obligations.

We correſponded with great regularity, and the moſt unbounded confidence, for the ſpace of two years, when he arrived at Lyons in his way home. He wrote me, thence,

thence, the moſt preſſing invitation to meet him at Paris, where he intended to remain ſome time. My deſire to comply with his requeſt, and ſhorten our abſence, was ſo earneſt, that my mother, too indulgent to controul me, lent me what aſſiſtance was in her power, and, in an ill-fated moment, I ſet out for that capital.

My meeting with this dear friend was the happieſt event of my life: he introduced me to all his acquaintance; and ſo quickly did time ſeem to paſs at that delightful period, that the ſix weeks I had allotted for my ſtay were gone, ere I was ſenſible I had miſſed ſo many days. But I muſt now own, that the company of my friend was not the ſole ſubject of my felicity: I became acquainted with a young lady, daughter of an Engliſhman of diſtinction, with whom I formed an attachment which I have a thouſand times vowed, a thouſand times ſincerely thought would be laſting as my life. She had but juſt quitted a convent, in which ſhe had been placed when a child, and though Engliſh by birth, ſhe could ſcarcely ſpeak her native language. Her perſon and diſpoſition were equally engaging; but chiefly I adored her for the greatneſs of the expectations which, for my ſake, ſhe was willing to reſign.

When the time for my reſidence in Paris expired, I was almoſt diſtracted at the idea of

of quitting her; yet I had not the courage to make our attachment known to her father, who might reaſonably form for her ſuch views as would make him reject, with a contempt which I could not bear to think of, ſuch an offer as mine. Yet I had free acceſs to the houſe, where ſhe ſeemed to be left almoſt wholly to the guidance of an old ſervant, who was my faſt friend.

But, to be brief, the ſudden and unexpected return of her father, one fatal afternoon, proved the beginning of the miſery which has ever ſince devoured me. I doubt not but he had liſtened to our converſation, for he darted into the room with the rage of a madman. Heavens! what a ſcene followed!—what abuſive language did the ſhame of a clandeſtine affair, and the conſciouſneſs of acting ill, induce me to brook! At length, however, his fury exceeded my patience,—he called me a beggarly, cowardly Scotchman. Fired at the words, I drew my ſword; he, with equal alertneſs, drew his; for he was not an old man, but, on the contrary, ſtrong and able as myſelf. In vain his daughter pleaded;—in vain did I, repentant of my anger, retreat—his reproaches continued; myſelf, my country, were loaded with infamy, till, no longer conſtraining my rage,—we fought,—and he fell!

At

At that moment I could almoſt have deſtroyed myſelf! The young lady fainted with terror; the old ſervant, drawn to us by the noiſe of the ſcuffle, entreated me to eſcape, and promiſed to bring intelligence of what ſhould paſs to my apartment. The diſturbance which I heard raiſed in the houſe obliged me to comply, and, in a ſtate of mind inconceivably wretched, I tore myſelf away.

My friend, who I found at home, ſoon diſcovered the whole affair. It was near midnight before the woman came. She told me that her maſter was living, and her young miſtreſs reſtored to her ſenſes. The abſolute neceſſity for my leaving Paris, while any danger remained, was forcibly urged by my friend: the ſervant promiſed to acquaint him of whatever paſſed, and he to tranſmit to me her information. Thus circumſtanced, with the aſſiſtance of this dear friend, I effected my departure from Paris, and, not long after, I returned to Scotland. I would fain have ſtopped by the way, that I might have been nearer the ſcene of all my concerns, but the low ſtate of my finances denied me that ſatisfaction.

The miſerable ſituation of my mind was ſoon diſcovered by my mother; nor would ſhe reſt till I communicated the cauſe. She heard

heard my whole ſtory with an agitation which aſtoniſhed me;—the *name* of the parties concerned, ſeemed to ſtrike her with horror;—but when I ſaid, *We fought, and he fell*;—"My ſon," cried ſhe, "you have then murdered your father!" and ſhe ſunk breathleſs at my feet. Comments, Madam, upon ſuch a ſcene as this, would to you be ſuperfluous, and to me agonizing: I cannot, for both our ſakes, be too conciſe. When ſhe recovered, ſhe confeſſed all the particulars of a tale which ſhe had hoped never to have revealed.—Alas! the loſs ſhe had ſuſtained of my father was not by death!—bound to her by no ties but thoſe of honour, he had voluntarily deſerted her!—Her ſettling in Scotland was not the effect of choice,—ſhe was baniſhed thither by a family but too juſtly incenſed;—pardon, Madam, that I cannot be more explicit!

My ſenſes, in the greatneſs of my miſery, actually forſook me, and for more than a week I was wholly delirious. My unfortunate mother was yet more to be pitied, for ſhe pined with unmitigated ſorrow, eternally reproaching herſelf for the danger to which her too ſtrict ſilence had expoſed me. When I recovered my reaſon, my impatience to hear from Paris almoſt deprived me of it again; and though the length of

time

time I waited for letters might juſtly be attributed to contrary winds, I could not bear the delay, and was twenty times upon the point of returning thither at all hazards. At length, however, ſeveral letters arrived at once, and from the moſt inſupportable of my afflictions I was then relieved, for they acquainted me that the horrors of parricide were not in reſerve for me. They informed me alſo, that as ſoon as the wound was healed, a journey would be made to England, where my unhappy *ſiſter* was to be received by an aunt with whom ſhe was to live.

This intelligence ſomewhat quieted the violence of my ſorrows. I inſtantly formed a plan of meeting them in London, and, by revealing the whole dreadful ſtory, convincing this irritated parent that he had nothing more to apprehend from his daughter's unfortunate choice. My mother conſented, and gave me a letter to prove the truth of my aſſertions. As I could but ill afford to make this journey, I travelled in the cheapeſt way that was poſſible. I took an obſcure lodging, I need not, Madam, tell you where,—and boarded with the people of the houſe.

Here I languiſhed, week after week, vainly hoping for the arrival of my *family*; but my impetuoſity had blinded me to the imprudence

imprudence of which I was guilty in quitting Scotland ſo haſtily. My wounded father, after his recovery, relapſed; and when I had waited in the moſt comfortleſs ſituation, for ſix weeks, my friend wrote me word, that the journey was yet deferred for ſome time longer.

My finances were then nearly exhauſted, and I was obliged, though moſt unwillingly, to beg further aſſiſtance from my mother, that I might return to Scotland. Oh! Madam!—my anſwer was not from herſelf,—it was written by a lady who had long been her companion, and acquainted me that ſhe had been taken ſuddenly ill of a fever,—and was no more!

The compaſſionate nature of which you have given ſuch noble proofs, aſſures me I need not, if I could, paint to you the anguiſh of a mind overwhelmed with ſuch accumulated ſorrows.

Incloſed was a letter to a near relation, which ſhe had, during her illneſs, with much difficulty, written, and in which, with the ſtrongeſt maternal tenderneſs, ſhe deſcribed my deplorable ſituation, and entreated his intereſt to procure me ſome preferment. Yet ſo ſunk was I by misfortune, that a fortnight elapſed before I had the courage or ſpirit to attempt delivering this letter. I was then compelled to it

by

by want. To make my appearance with ſome decency, I was neceſſitated, myſelf, to the melancholy taſk of changing my coloured cloaths for a ſuit of mourning;—and then I proceeded to ſeek my relation.

I was informed that he was not in town.

In this deſperate ſituation, the pride of my heart, which hitherto had not bowed to adverſity, gave way, and I determined to entreat the aſſiſtance of my friend, whoſe offered ſervices I had a thouſand times rejected. Yet, Madam, ſo hard is it to root from the mind its favourite principles, or prejudices, call them which you pleaſe, that I lingered another week ere I had the reſolution to ſend away a letter which I regarded as the death of my independence.

At length, reduced to my laſt ſhilling, dunned inſolently by the people of the houſe, and almoſt famiſhed, I ſealed this fatal letter, and, with a heavy heart, determined to take it to the poſt-office. But Mr. Branghton and his ſon ſuffered me not to paſs through their ſhop with impunity; they inſulted me groſsly, and threatened me with impriſonment, if I did not immediately ſatisfy their demands. Stung to the ſoul, I bid them have but a day's patience, and flung from them, in a ſtate of mind too terrible for deſcription.

My letter, which I now found would

be

be received too late to ſave me from diſgrace, I tore into a thouſand pieces, and ſcarce could I refrain from putting an inſtantaneous, an unlicenſed period to my exiſtence.

In this diſorder of my ſenſes, I formed the horrible plan of turning foot-pad; for which purpoſe I returned to my lodging, and collected whatever of my apparel I could part with, which I immediately ſold, and with the profits purchaſed a brace of piſtols, powder and ſhot. I hope, however, you will believe me, when I moſt ſolemnly aſſure you, my ſole intention was to *frighten* the paſſengers I ſhould aſſault, with theſe dangerous weapons, which I had not loaded, but from a reſolution,—a dreadful one, I own,—to ſave *myſelf* from an ignominious death if ſeized. And, indeed, I thought that if I could but procure money ſufficient to pay Mr. Branghton, and make a journey to Scotland, I ſhould ſoon be able, by the public papers, to diſcover whom I had injured, and to make private retribution.

But, Madam, new to every ſpecies of villainy, my perturbation was ſo great that I could with difficulty ſupport myſelf: yet the Branghtons obſerved it not as I paſſed through the ſhop.

Here

Here I ſtop: what followed is better known to yourſelf. But no time can ever efface from my memory that moment, when in the very action of preparing for my own deſtruction, or the lawleſs ſeizure of the property of others, you ruſhed into the room, and arreſted my arm!—It was, indeed, an awful moment!—the hand of Providence ſeemed to intervene between me and eternity; I beheld you as an angel!—I thought you dropt from the clouds;—the earth, indeed, had never before preſented to my view a form ſo celeſtial!—What wonder, then, that a ſpectacle ſo aſtoniſhing ſhould, to a man diſordered as I was, appear too beautiful to be human?

And now, Madam, that I have performed this painful taſk, the more grateful one remains of rewarding, as far as is in my power, your generous goodneſs, by aſſuring you it ſhall not be thrown away. You have awakened me to a ſenſe of the falſe pride by which I have been actuated,—a pride which, while it ſcorned aſſiſtance from a friend, ſcrupled not to compel it from a ſtranger, though at the hazard of reducing that ſtranger to a ſituation as deſtitute as my own. Yet, Oh! how violent was the ſtruggle which tore my conflicting ſoul, ere

ere I could perſuade myſelf to profit by the benevolence which you were ſo evidently diſpoſed to exert in my favour!

By means of a ring, the gift of my much-regretted mother, I have for the preſent ſatisfied Mr. Branghton; and by means of your compaſſion, I hope to ſupport myſelf, either till I hear from my friend, to whom, at length, I have written, or till the relation of my mother returns to town.

To talk to you, Madam, of paying my debt, would be vain; I never can! the ſervice you have done me exceeds all power of return; you have reſtored me to my ſenſes; you have taught me to curb thoſe paſſions which bereft me of them, and, ſince I cannot avoid calamity, to bear it as a man! An interpoſition ſo wonderfully circumſtanced can never be recollected without benefit. Yet allow me to ſay, the pecuniary part of my obligation muſt be ſettled by my firſt ability.

I am, Madam, with the moſt profound reſpect, and heart-felt gratitude,

Your obedient,
and devoted humble ſervant,
J. MACARTNEY.

LETTER

LETTER XXI.

Evelina in continuation.

Holborn, July 1, 5 o'clock in the morn.

O SIR, what an adventure have I to write!—all night it has occupied my thoughts, and I am now riſen thus early, to write it to you.

Yeſterday it was ſettled that we ſhould ſpend the evening in Marybone-gardens, where M. Torre, a celebrated foreigner, was to exhibit ſome fireworks. The party conſiſted of Madame Duval, all the Branghtons, M. Du Bois, Mr. Smith, and Mr. Brown.

We were almoſt the firſt perſons who entered the Gardens, Mr. Branghton having declared he would have *all he could get for his money*, which, at beſt, was only fooled away, at ſuch ſilly and idle places.

We walked in parties, and very much detached from one another; Mr. Brown and Miſs Polly led the way by themſelves; Miſs Branghton and Mr. Smith followed, and the latter ſeemed determined to be revenged for my behaviour at the ball, by transferring all his former attention for me, to Miſs Branghton, who received it with an air

air of uxultation: and very frequently they each of them, though from different motives, looked back, to diſcover whether I obſerved their good intelligence. Madame Duval walked with M. Du Bois; and Mr. Branghton by himſelf; but his ſon would willingly have attached himſelf wholly to me, ſaying frequently, "Come, Miſs, let's you and I have a little fun together; you ſee they have all left us, ſo now let us leave them." But I begged to be excuſed, and went to the other ſide of Madame Duval.

This Garden, as it is called, is neither ſtriking for magnificence nor for beauty; and we were all ſo dull and languid, that I was extremely glad when we were ſummoned to the orcheſtra, upon the opening of a concert; in the courſe of which I had the pleaſure of hearing a concerto on the violin by Mr. Barthelemon, who, to me, ſeems a player of exquiſite fancy, feeling, and variety.

When notice was given us, that the fireworks were preparing, we hurried along to ſecure good places for the ſight: but, very ſoon, we were ſo encircled and incommoded by the crowd, that Mr. Smith propoſed the *ladies* ſhould make intereſt for a form to ſtand upon; this was ſoon effected, and the men then left us, to ac-

commodate themſelves better, ſaying they would return the moment the exhibition was over.

The firework was really beautiful, and told, with wonderful ingenuity, the ſtory of Orpheus and Eurydice; but, at the moment of the fatal look, which ſeparated them for ever, there was ſuch an exploſion of fire, and ſo horrible a noiſe, that we all, as of one accord, jumpt haſtily from the form, and ran away ſome paces, fearing that we were in danger of miſchief, from the innumerable ſparks of fire which glittered in the air.

For a moment or two, I neither knew nor conſidered whither I had run; but my recollection was ſoon awakened by a ſtranger's addreſſing me with, "Come along with me, my dear, and I'll take care of you."

I ſtarted, and then, to my great terror, perceived that I had out-run all my companions, and ſaw not one human being I knew! with all the ſpeed in my power, and forgetful of my firſt fright, I haſtened back to the place I had left;—but found the form occupied by a new ſet of people.

In vain, from ſide to ſide, I looked for ſome face I knew; I found myſelf in the midſt of a crowd, yet without party, friend, or

or acquaintance. I walked, in diſordered haſte, from place to place, without knowing which way to turn, or whither I went. Every other moment, I was ſpoken to, by ſome bold and unfeeling man, to whom my diſtreſs, which, I think, muſt be very apparent, only furniſhed a pretence for impertinent witticiſms, or free gallantry.

At laſt, a young officer, marching fiercely up to me, ſaid, "You are a ſweet pretty creature, and I enliſt you in my ſervice;" and then, with great violence, he ſeized my hand. I ſcreamed aloud with fear, and, forcibly ſnatching it away, I ran haſtily up to two ladies, and cried, "For Heaven's ſake, dear ladies, afford me ſome protection!"

They heard me with a loud laugh, but very readily ſaid, "Ay, let her walk between us;" and each of them took hold of an arm.

Then, in a drawling, ironical tone of voice, they aſked *what had frightened my little Ladyſhip?* I told them my adventure very ſimply, and intreated they would have the goodneſs to aſſiſt me in finding my friends.

O yes, to be ſure, they ſaid, I ſhould not want for friends, whilſt I was with them. Mine, I ſaid, would be very grateful for any civilities with which they might

favour me. But imagine, my dear Sir, how I muſt be confounded, when I obſerved, that every other word I ſpoke produced a loud laugh! However, I will not dwell upon a converſation, which ſoon, to my inexpreſſible horror, convinced me I had ſought protection from inſult, of thoſe who were themſelves moſt likely to offer it! You, my deareſt Sir, I well know, will both feel for, and pity my terror, which I have no words to deſcribe.

Had I been at liberty, I ſhould have inſtantly run away from them, when I made the ſhocking diſcovery; but, as they held me faſt, that was utterly impoſſible: and ſuch was my dread of their reſentment or abuſe, that I did not dare make any open attempt to eſcape.

They aſked me a thouſand queſtions, accompanied by as many hallows, of who I was, what I was, and whence I came. My anſwers were very incoherent,—but what, good Heaven, were my emotions, when, a few moments afterwards, I perceived advancing our way,—Lord Orville!

Never ſhall I forget what I felt at that inſtant; had I, indeed, been ſunk to the guilty ſtate, which ſuch companions might lead him to ſuſpect, I could ſcarce have had feelings more cruelly depreſſing.

However, to my infinite joy, he paſſed us

us without diſtinguiſhing me; though I ſaw that, in a careleſs manner, his eyes ſurveyed the party.

As ſoon as he was gone, one of theſe unhappy women ſaid, "Do you know that young fellow?"

Not thinking it poſſible ſhe ſhould mean Lord Orville by ſuch a term, I readily anſwered, "No, Madam."

"Why then," anſwered ſhe, "you have a monſtrous good ſtare, for a little country Miſs."

I now found I had miſtaken her, but was glad to avoid an explanation.

A few minutes after, what was my delight, to hear the voice of Mr. Brown, who called out, "Lord, i'n't that Miſs what's her name?"

"Thank God," cried I, ſuddenly ſpringing from them both, "thank God, I have found my party."

Mr. Brown was, however, alone, and, without knowing what I did, I took hold of his arm.

"Lord, Miſs," cried he, "we've had ſuch a hunt you can't think! ſome of them thought you was gone home; but I ſays, ſays I, I don't think, ſays I, that ſhe's like to go home all alone, ſays I."

"So that gentleman belongs to you, Miſs, does he?" ſaid one of the women.

"Yes, Madam," anſwered I, "and I now thank you for your civility; but, as I am ſafe, will not give you any further trouble."

I courtſied ſlightly, and would have walked away; but, moſt unfortunately, Madame Duval and the two Miſs Branghtons juſt then joined us.

They all began to make a thouſand enquiries, to which I briefly anſwered, that I had been obliged to theſe two ladies for walking with me, and would tell them more another time: for, though I felt great *comparative* courage, I was yet too much intimidated by their preſence, to dare be explicit.

Nevertheleſs, I ventured, once more, to wiſh them good night, and propoſed ſeeking Mr. Branghton. Theſe unhappy women liſtened to all that was ſaid with a kind of callous curioſity, and ſeemed determined not to take any hint. But my vexation was terribly augmented, when, after having whiſpered ſomething to each other, they very cavalierly declared, that they intended joining our party! and then, one of them, very boldly took hold of my arm, while the other, going round, ſeized that of Mr. Brown; and thus, almoſt forcibly, we were moved on between them, and followed by Madame Duval and the Miſs Branghtons.

It

It would be very difficult to ſay which was greateſt, my fright, or Mr. Brown's conſternation; who ventured not to make the leaſt reſiſtance, though his uneaſineſs made him tremble almoſt as much as myſelf. I would inſtantly have withdrawn my arm; but it was held ſo tight, I could not move it; and poor Mr. Brown was circumſtanced in the ſame manner on the other ſide; for I heard him ſay, "Lord, Ma'am, there's no need to ſqueeze one's arm ſo!"

And this was our ſituation,—for we had not taken three ſteps, when,—O Sir,—we again met Lord Orville!—but not again did he paſs quietly by us,—unhappily I caught his eye;—both mine, immediately, were bent to the ground; but he approached me, and we all ſtopped.

I then looked up. He bowed. Good God, with what expreſſive eyes did he regard me! Never were ſurpriſe and concern ſo ſtrongly marked,—yes, my dear Sir, he looked *greatly* concerned; and that, the remembrance of that, is the only conſolation I feel, for an evening the moſt painful of my life.

What he firſt ſaid I know not; for, indeed, I ſeemed to have neither ears nor underſtanding; but I recollect that I only courtſied in ſilence. He pauſed for an inſtant, as if—I believe ſo,—as if unwilling

to paſs on; and then, finding the whole party detained, he again bowed, and took leave.

Indeed, my dear Sir, I thought I ſhould have fainted, ſo great was my emotion from ſhame, vexation, and a thouſand other feelings, for which I have no expreſſions. I abſolutely tore myſelf from the woman's arm, and then, diſengaging myſelf from that of Mr. Brown, I went to Madame Duval, and beſought that ſhe would not ſuffer me to be again parted from her.

I fancy that Lord Orville ſaw what paſſed; for ſcarcely was I at liberty, ere he returned. Methought, my dear Sir, the pleaſure, the ſurpriſe of that moment, recompenſed me for all the chagrin I had before felt: for do you not think, that this return manifeſts, from a character ſo quiet, ſo reſerved as Lord Orville's, ſomething like ſolicitude in my concerns?—ſuch, at leaſt, was the interpretation I involuntarily made upon again ſeeing him.

With a politeneſs to which I have been ſome time very little uſed, he apologiſed for returning, and then enquired after the health of Mrs. Mirvan, and the reſt of the Howard Grove family. The flattering conjecture which I have juſt acknowledged, had ſo wonderfully reſtored my ſpirits, that I believe I never anſwered him

ſo readily, and with ſo little conſtraint. Very ſhort, however, was the duration of this converſation: for we were ſoon moſt diſagreeably interrupted.

The Miſs Branghtons, though they ſaw almoſt immediately the characters of the women to whom I had ſo unfortunately applied, were, nevertheleſs, ſo weak and fooliſh, as merely to *titter* at their behaviour. As to Madame Duval, ſhe was for ſome time ſo ſtrangely impoſed upon, that ſhe thought they were two real fine ladies. Indeed it is wonderful to ſee how eaſily and how frequently ſhe is deceived: our diſturbance, however, aroſe from young Brown, who was now between the two women, by whom his arms were abſolutely pinioned to his ſides: for a few minutes, his complaints had been only murmured; but he now called out aloud, "Goodneſs, Ladies, you hurt me like any thing! why I can't walk at all, if you keep pinching my arms ſo!"

This ſpeech raiſed a loud laugh in the women, and redoubled the tittering of the Miſs Branghtons. For my own part, I was moſt cruelly confuſed; while the countenance of Lord Orville manifeſted a ſort of indignant aſtoniſhment; and, from that moment, he ſpoke to me no more, till he took leave.

Madame Duval, who now began to ſuſpect her company, propoſed our taking the firſt box we ſaw empty, beſpeaking a ſupper, and waiting till Mr. Branghton ſhould find us.

Miſs Polly mentioned one ſhe had remarked, to which we all turned; Madame Duval inſtantly ſeated herſelf; and the two bold women, forcing the frightened Mr. Brown to go between them, followed her example.

Lord Orville, with an air of gravity that wounded my very ſoul, then wiſhed me good night. I ſaid not a word; but my face, if it had any connection with my heart, muſt have looked melancholy indeed: and ſo, I have ſome reaſon to believe, it did; for he added, with much more ſoftneſs, though not leſs dignity, "Will Miſs Anville allow me to aſk her addreſs, and to pay my reſpects to her before I leave town?"

O how I changed colour at this unexpected requeſt!—yet what was the mortification I ſuffered, in anſwering, "My Lord, I am—in Holborn!"

He then bowed and left us.

What, what can he think of this adventure! how ſtrangely, how cruelly have all appearances turned againſt me! Had I been bleſſed with any preſence of mind, I ſhould

ſhould inſtantly have explained to him the accident which occaſioned my being in ſuch terrible company;—but I have none!

As to the reſt of the evening, I cannot relate the particulars of what paſſed; for, to you, I only write of what I think, and I can think of nothing but this unfortunate, this diſgraceful meeting. Theſe two wretched women continued to torment us all, but eſpecially poor Mr. Brown, who ſeemed to afford them uncommon diverſion, till we were diſcovered by Mr. Branghton, who very ſoon found means to releaſe us from their perſecutions, by frightening them away. We ſtayed but a ſhort time after they left us, which was all employed in explanations.

Whatever may be the conſtruction which Lord Orville may put upon this affair, to me it cannot fail of being unfavourable; to be ſeen—gracious Heaven!—to be ſeen in company with two women of ſuch character! — How vainly, how proudly have I wiſhed to avoid meeting him when only with the Branghtons and Madame Duval, —but now, how joyful ſhould I be had he ſeen me to no greater diſadvantage!—Holborn, too! what a direction!—he who had always—but I will not torment you, my deareſt Sir, with any more of my mortifying conjectures and apprehenſions: perhaps he

may call,—and then I ſhall have an opportunity of explaining to him all the moſt ſhocking part of the adventure. And yet, as I did not tell him at whoſe houſe I lived, he may not be able to diſcover me; I merely ſaid *in Holborn*, and he, who I ſuppoſe ſaw my embarraſſment, forbore to aſk any other direction.

Well, I muſt take my chance!

Yet let me, in juſtice to Lord Orville, and in juſtice to the high opinion I have always entertained of his honour and delicacy,—let me obſerve the difference of his behaviour, when nearly in the ſame ſituation to that of Sir Clement Willoughby. He had at leaſt equal cauſe to depreciate me in his opinion, and to mortify and ſink me in my own: but far different was his conduct;—perplexed, indeed, he looked, and much ſurpriſed,—but it was benevolently, not with inſolence. I am even inclined to think, that he could not ſee a young creature whom he had ſo lately known in a higher ſphere, appear ſo ſuddenly, ſo ſtrangely, ſo diſgracefully altered in her ſituation, without ſome pity and concern. But, whatever might be his doubts and ſuſpicions, far from ſuffering them to influence his behaviour, he ſpoke, he looked, with the ſame politeneſs and attention

with

with which he had always honoured me when countenanced by Mrs. Mirvan.

Once again, let me drop this ſubject.

In every mortification, every diſturbance, how grateful to my heart, how ſweet to my recollection, is the certainty of your never-failing tenderneſs, ſympathy, and protection! Oh Sir, could I, upon this ſubject, could I write as I feel, — how animated would be the language of

Your devoted

EVELINA!

LETTER XXII.

Evelina to the Rev. Mr. Villars.

Holborn, July 1.

LISTLESS, uneaſy, and without either ſpirit or courage to employ myſelf, from the time I had finiſhed my laſt letter, I indolently ſeated myſelf at the window, where, while I waited Madame Duval's ſummons to breakfaſt, I perceived, among the carriages which paſſed by, a coronet coach, and, in a few minutes, from the window of it, Lord Orville! I inſtantly retreated, but not, I believe, unſeen; for the coach immediately drove up to our door.

Indeed,

Indeed, my dear Sir, I muſt own I was greatly agitated; the idea of receiving Lord Orville by myſelf,—the knowledge that his viſit was entirely to *me*,—the wiſh of explaining the unfortunate adventure of yeſterday,—and the mortification of my preſent circumſtances,—all theſe thoughts, occurring to me nearly at the ſame time, occaſioned me more anxiety, confuſion, and perplexity, than I can poſſibly expreſs.

I believe he meant to ſend up his name; but the maid, unuſed to ſuch a ceremony, forgot it by the way, and only told me, that a great Lord was below, and deſired to ſee me: and, the next moment, he appeared himſelf.

If formerly, when in the circle of high life, and accuſtomed to its manners, I ſo much admired and diſtinguiſhed the grace, the elegance of Lord Orville, think, Sir, how they muſt ſtrike me now,—now, when, far removed from that ſplendid circle, I live with thoſe to whom even civility is unknown, and decorum a ſtranger!

I am ſure I received him very awkwardly; depreſſed by a ſituation ſo diſagreeable, could I do otherwiſe? When his firſt enquiries were made, "I think myſelf very fortunate," he ſaid, "in meeting with Miſs Anville at home, and ſtill more ſo, in finding her diſengaged."

I only

I only courtſied. He then talked of Mrs. Mirvan; aſked how long I had been in town, and other ſuch general queſtions, which, happily, gave me time to recover from my embarraſſment. After which, he ſaid, "If Miſs Anville will allow me the honour of ſitting by her a few minutes (for we were both ſtanding) I will venture to tell her the motive which, next to enquiring after her health, has prompted me to wait on her thus early."

We were then both ſeated, and, after a ſhort pauſe, he ſaid, "How to apologiſe for ſo great a liberty as I am upon the point of taking, I know not;—ſhall I, therefore, rely wholly upon your goodneſs, and not apologiſe at all?"

I only bowed.

"I ſhould be extremely ſorry to appear impertinent, — yet hardly know how to avoid it."

"Impertinent! O my Lord," cried I, eagerly, "that, I am ſure, is impoſſible!"

"You are very good," anſwered he, "and encourage me to be ingenuous—"

Again he ſtopped: but my expectation was too great for ſpeech: at laſt, without looking at me, in a low voice and heſitating manner, he ſaid, "Were thoſe ladies with whom I ſaw you laſt night, ever in your company before?"

"No,

"No, my Lord," cried I, rising, and colouring violently, "nor will they ever be again."

He roſe too, and, with an air of the moſt condeſcending concern, ſaid, "Pardon, Madam, the abruptneſs of a queſtion which I knew not how to introduce as I ought, and for which I have no excuſe to offer, but my reſpect for Mrs. Mirvan, joined to the ſincereſt wiſhes for your happineſs: yet I fear I have gone too far!"

"I am very ſenſible of the honour of your Lordſhip's attention," ſaid I, "but ——."

"Permit me to aſſure you," cried he, finding I heſitated, "that officiouſneſs is not my characteriſtic, and that I would by no means have riſked your diſpleaſure, had I not been fully ſatisfied you were too generous to be offended, without a real cauſe of offence."

"Offended!" cried I, "no, my Lord, I am only grieved,—grieved, indeed! to find myſelf in a ſituation ſo unfortunate, as to be obliged to make explanations which cannot but mortify and ſhock me."

"It is I alone," cried he, with ſome eagerneſs, "who am ſhocked, as it is I who deſerve to be mortified; I ſeek no explanation, for I have no doubt; but, in miſtaking me, Miſs Anville injures herſelf: allow me,

me, therefore, frankly and openly to tell you the intention of my viſit."

I bowed, and we both returned to our ſeats.

"I will own myſelf to have been greatly ſurpriſed," continued he, "when I met you yeſterday evening, in company with two perſons who I was ſenſible merited not the honour of your notice; nor was it eaſy for me to conjecture the cauſe of your being ſo ſituated; yet, believe me, my incertitude did not for a moment do you injury; I was ſatisfied that their characters muſt be unknown to you, and I thought with concern of the ſhock you would ſuſtain, when you diſcovered their unworthineſs. I ſhould not, however, upon ſo ſhort an acquaintance, have uſurped the privilege of intimacy, in giving my unaſked ſentiments upon ſo delicate a ſubject, had I not known that credulity is the ſiſter of innocence, and therefore feared you might be deceived. A ſomething, which I could not reſiſt, urged me to the freedom I have taken to caution you; but I ſhall not eaſily forgive myſelf, if I have been ſo unfortunate as to give you pain."

The pride which his firſt queſtion had excited, now ſubſided into delight and gratitude, and I inſtantly related to him, as well as I could, the accident which had occaſioned

caſioned my joining the unhappy women with whom he had met me. He liſtened with an attention ſo flattering, ſeemed ſo much intereſted during the recital, and, when I had done, thanked me, in terms ſo polite, for what he was pleaſed to call my condeſcenſion, that I was almoſt aſhamed either to look at, or hear him.

Soon after, the maid came to tell me, that Madame Duval deſired to have breakfaſt made in her own room.

"I fear," cried Lord Orville, inſtantly riſing, "that I have intruded upon your time,—yet who, ſo ſituated, could do otherwiſe?" Then, taking my hand, "Will Miſs Anville allow me thus to ſeal my peace?" He preſſed it to his lips, and took leave.

Generous, noble Lord Orville! how diſintereſted his conduct! how delicate his whole behaviour! willing to adviſe, yet afraid to wound me!—Can I ever, in future, regret the adventure I met with at Marybone, ſince it has been productive of a viſit ſo flattering? Had my mortifications been ſtill more humiliating, my terrors ſtill more alarming, ſuch a mark of eſteem—may I not call it ſo?—from Lord Orville, would have made me ample amends.

And indeed, my dear Sir, I require ſome conſolation in my preſent very diſagreeable ſituation;

ſituation; for, ſince he went, two incidents have happened, that, had not my ſpirits been particularly elated, would greatly have diſconcerted me.

During breakfaſt, Madame Duval, very abruptly, aſked if I ſhould like to be married? and added, that Mr. Branghton had been propoſing a match for me with his ſon. Surpriſed, and, I muſt own, provoked, I aſſured her that, in thinking of me, Mr. Branghton would very vainly loſe his time.

"Why," cried ſhe, "I have had grander views for you, myſelf, if once I could get you to Paris, and make you be owned; but, if I can't do that, and you can do no better, why, as you are both my relations, I think to leave my fortune between you, and then, if you marry, you never need want for nothing."

I begged her not to purſue the ſubject, as, I aſſured her, Mr. Branghton was totally diſagreeable to me: but ſhe continued her admonitions and reflections, with her uſual diſregard of whatever I could anſwer. She charged me, very peremptorily, neither wholly to diſcourage, not yet to accept Mr. Branghton's offer, till ſhe ſaw what could be done for me: the young man, ſhe added, had often intended to ſpeak to me himſelf, but, not well knowing how to introduce the

the ſubject, he had deſired her to pave the way for him.

I ſcrupled not, warmly and freely to declare my averſion to this propoſal; but it was to no effect; ſhe concluded, juſt as ſhe had begun, by ſaying, that I ſhould not *have him, if I could do better.*

Nothing, however, ſhall perſuade me to liſten to any other perſon concerning this odious affair.

My ſecond cauſe of uneaſineſs ariſes, very unexpectedly, from M. Du Bois, who, to my infinite ſurpriſe, upon Madame Duval's quitting the room after dinner, put into my hand a note, and immediately left the houſe.

This note contains an open declaration of an attachment to me, which, he ſays, he ſhould never have preſumed to have acknowledged, had he not been informed that Madame Duval deſtined my hand to young Branghton,——a match which he cannot endure to think of. He beſeeches me, earneſtly to pardon his temerity, profeſſes the moſt inviolable reſpect, and commits his fate to time, patience, and pity.

This conduct in M. Du Bois gives me real concern, as I was diſpoſed to think very well of him. It will not, however, be difficult to diſcourage him, and therefore I ſhall not acquaint Madame Duval of his letter,

letter, as I have reaſon to believe it would greatly diſpleaſe her.

LETTER XXIII.

Evelina in continuation.

July 3.

O SIR, how much uneaſineſs muſt I ſuffer, to counterbalance one ſhort morning of happineſs!

Yeſterday, the Branghtons propoſed a party to Kenſington-gardens, and, as uſual, Madame Duval inſiſted upon my attendance.

We went in a hackney-coach to Piccadilly, and then had a walk though Hyde Park, which, in any other company, would have been delightful. I was much pleaſed with Kenſington-gardens, and think them infinitely preferable to thoſe of Vauxhall.

Young Branghton was extremely troubleſome; he inſiſted upon walking by my ſide, and talked with me almoſt by compulſion: however, my reſerve and coldneſs prevented his entering upon the hateful ſubject which Madame Duval had prepared me to apprehend. Once, indeed, when I was, accidentally, a few yards before the reſt, he

ſaid,

ſaid, "I ſuppoſe, Miſs, aunt has told you about you know what?—ha'n't ſhe, Miſs?" —But I turned from him without making any anſwer. Neither Mr. Smith nor Mr. Brown were of the party; and poor M. Du Bois, when he found that I avoided him, looked ſo melancholy, that I was really ſorry for him.

While we were ſtrolling round the garden, I perceived, walking with a party of ladies at ſome diſtance, Lord Orville! I inſtantly retreated behind Miſs Branghton, and kept out of ſight till we had paſſed him: for I dreaded being ſeen by him again, in a public walk, with a party of which I was aſhamed.

Happily I ſucceeded in my deſign, and ſaw no more of him; for a ſudden and violent ſhower of rain made us all haſten out of the gardens. We ran till we came to a ſmall green-ſhop, where we begged ſhelter. Here we found ourſelves in company with two footmen, whom the rain had driven into the ſhop. Their livery, I thought, I had before ſeen; and upon looking from the window, I perceived the ſame upon a coachman belonging to a carriage, which I immediately recollected to be Lord Orville's.

Fearing to be known, I whiſpered Miſs Branghton not to ſpeak my name. Had I conſidered

conſidered but a moment, I ſhould have been ſenſible of the inutility of ſuch a caution, ſince not one of the party call me by any other appellation than that of *Couſin*, or of *Miſs*; but I am perpetually involved in ſome diſtreſs or dilemma from my own heedleſſneſs.

This requeſt excited very ſtrongly her curioſity; and ſhe attacked me with ſuch eagerneſs and bluntneſs of enquiry, that I could not avoid telling her the reaſon of my making it, and, conſequently, that I was known to Lord Orville: an acknowledgment which proved the moſt unfortunate in the world; for ſhe would not reſt till ſhe had drawn from me the circumſtances attending my firſt making the acquaintance. Then, calling to her ſiſter, ſhe ſaid, "Lord, Polly, only think! Miſs has danced with a Lord!"

"Well," cried Polly, "that's a thing I ſhould never have thought of! And pray, Miſs, what did he ſay to you?"

This queſtion was much ſooner aſked than anſwered; and they both became ſo very inquiſitive and earneſt, that they ſoon drew the attention of Madame Duval and the reſt of the party, to whom, in a very ſhort time, they repeated all they had gathered from me.

"Goodneſs, then," cried young Branghton,

ton, "if I was Miss, if I would not make free with his Lordship's coach to take me to town!"

"Why, ay," said the father, "there would be some sense in that; that would be making some use of a Lord's acquaintance, for it would save us coach-hire."

"Lord, Miss," cried Polly, "I wish you could, for I should like of all things to ride in a coronet coach!"

"I promise you," said Madame Duval, "I'm glad you've thought of it, for I don't see no objection;—so let's have the coachman called."

"Not for the world," cried I, very much alarmed, "indeed it is utterly impossible."

"Why so?" demanded Mr. Branghton, "pray where's the good of your knowing a Lord, if you're never the better for him?"

"*Ma foi*, child," said Madame Duval, "you don't know nowmore of the world than if you was a baby. Pray, Sir, (to one of the footmen) tell your coachman to draw up, for I wants to speak to him."

The man stared, but did not move.

"Pray, pray, Madam," said I, "pray, Mr. Branghton, have the goodness to give up this plan; I know but very little of his Lordship, and cannot, upon any account, take so great a liberty."

"Don't say nothing about it," said Madame

dame Duval, "for I shall have it my own way: so if you won't call the coachman, Sir, I'll promise you I'll call him myself."

The footman, very impertinently, laughed and turned upon his heel. Madame Duval, extremely irritated, ran out in the rain, and beckoned the coachman, who instantly obeyed her summons. Shocked beyond all expression, I flew after her, and entreated her with the utmost earnestness, so let us return in a hackney-coach:—but oh!—she is impenetrable to persuasion! She told the man she wanted him to carry her directly to town, and that she would answer for him to Lord Orville. The man, with a sneer, thanked her, but said he should answer for himself; and was driving off, when another footman came up to him, with information that his Lord was gone into Kensington Palace, and would not want him for an hour or two.

"Why then, friend," said Mr. Branghton, (for we were followed by all the party) "where will be the great harm of your taking us to town?"

"Besides," said the son, "I'll promise you a pot of beer for my own share."

These speeches had no other answer from the coachman than a loud laugh, which was echoed by the insolent footmen. I rejoiced at their resistance, though I was certain,

that if their Lord had witneſſed their impertinence, they would have been inſtantly diſmiſſed his ſervice.

"Pardi," cried Madame Duval, "if I don't think all the footmen are the moſt impudenteſt fellows in the kingdom! But I'll promiſe you I'll have your maſter told of your airs, ſo you'll get no good by 'em."

"Why pray," ſaid the coachman, rather alarmed, "did my Lord give you leave to uſe the coach?"

"It's no matter for that," anſwered ſhe; "I'm ſure if he's a gentleman, he'd let us have it ſooner than we ſhould be wet to the ſkin: but I'll promiſe you he ſhall know how ſaucy you've been, for this young lady knows him very well."

"Ay, that ſhe does," ſaid Miſs Polly; "and ſhe's danced with him too."

Oh how I repented my fooliſh miſmanagement! The men bit their lips, and looked at one another in ſome confuſion. This was perceived by our party, who, taking advantage of it, proteſted they would write Lord Orville word of their ill behaviour without delay. This quite ſtartled them, and one of the footmen offered to run to the palace and aſk his Lord's permiſſion for our having the carriage.

This propoſal really made me tremble; and the Branghtons all hung back upon it: but

but Madame Duval is never to be diſſuaded from a ſcheme ſhe has once formed. "Do ſo," cried ſhe, "and give this child's compliments to your maſter, and tell him, as we ha'n't no coach here, we ſhould be glad to go juſt as far as Holborn in his."

"No, no, no!" cried I, "don't go,—I know nothing of his Lordſhip,—I ſend no meſſage,—I have nothing to ſay to him!"

The men, very much perplexed, could with difficulty reſtrain themſelves from reſuming their impertinent mirth. Madame Duval ſcolded me very angrily, and then deſired them to go directly. "Pray, then," ſaid the coachman, "what name is to be given to my Lord?"

"Anville," anſwered Madame Duval, "tell him Miſs Anville wants the coach; the young lady he danced with once."

I was really in an agony; but the winds could not have been more deaf to me, than thoſe to whom I pleaded! and therefore the footman, urged by the repeated threats of Madame Duval, and perhaps recollecting the name himſelf, actually went to the palace with this ſtrange meſſage!

He returned in a few minutes, and bowing to me with the greateſt reſpect, ſaid, "My Lord deſires his compliments, and his carriage will be always at Miſs Anville's ſervice."

I was so much affected by this politeness, and chagrined at the whole affair, that I could scarce refrain from tears. Madame Duval and the Miss Branghtons eagerly jumped into the coach, and desired me to follow. I would rather have submitted to the severest punishment, —but all resistance was vain.

During the whole ride, I said not a word; however, the rest of the party were so talkative, that my silence was very immaterial. We stopped at our lodgings; but when Madame Duval and I alighted, the Branghtons asked if they could not be carried on to Snow-Hill? The servants, now all civility, made no objection. Remonstrances from me, would, I too well knew, be fruitless; and therefore, with a heavy heart, I retired to my room, and left them to their own direction.

Seldom have I passed a night in greater uneasiness! —so lately to have cleared myself in the good opinion of Lord Orville, so soon to forfeit it! —to give him reason to suppose I presumed to boast of his acquaintance! —to publish his having danced with me! —to take with him a liberty I should have blushed to have taken with the most intimate of my friends, to treat with such impertinent freedom one who has honoured *me* with such distinguished respect! —indeed,

—indeed, Sir, I could have met with no accident that would so cruelly have tormented me!

If such were, then, my feelings, imagine, —for I cannot describe, what I suffered during the scene I am now going to write.

This morning, while I was alone in the dining-room, young Branghton called. He entered with a most important air, and strutting up to me, said, "Miss, *Lord Orville* sends his compliments to you."

"Lord Orville!" repeated I, much amazed.

"Yes, Miss, Lord Orville; for I know his Lordship now, as well as you. And a very civil gentleman he is, for all he's a Lord."

"For Heaven's sake," cried I, "explain yourself."

"Why you must know, Miss, after we left you, we met with a little misfortune; but I don't mind it now, for it's all turned out for the best. But, just as we were going up Snow-Hill, plump we comes against a cart, with such a jogg it almost pulled the coach wheel off; however, that isn't the worst, for as I went to open the door in a hurry, a thinking the coach would be broke down, as ill luck would have it, I never minded that the glass was up, and so

ſo I poked my head fairly through it. Only ſee, Miſs, how I've cut my forehead!"

A much worſe accident to himſelf, would not, I believe, at that moment, have given me any concern for him: however, he proceeded with his account, for I was too much confounded to interrupt him.

"Goodneſs, Miſs, we were in ſuch a ſtew, us, and the ſervants, and all, as you can't think; for, beſides the glaſs being broke, the coachman ſaid how the coach would n't be ſafe to go back to Kenſington. So we did n't know what to do; however, the footmen ſaid they'd go and tell his Lordſhip what had happened. So then father grew quite uneaſy, like, for fear of his Lordſhip's taking offence, and prejudicing us in our buſineſs: ſo he ſaid I ſhould go this morning and aſk his pardon, 'cauſe of having broke the glaſs. So then I aſked the footmen the direction, and they told me he lived in Berkeley-ſquare; ſo this morning I went, — and I ſoon found out the houſe."

"You did!" cried I, quite out of breath with apprehenſion.

"Yes, Miſs, and a very fine houſe it is. Did you ever ſee it?"

"No."

"No!—why then, Miſs, I know more

of his Lordſhip than you do, for all you knew him firſt. So, when I came to the door, I was in a peck of troubles, a thinking what I ſhould ſay to him; however, the ſervants had no mind I ſhould ſee him, for they told me he was buſy, but I might leave my meſſage. So I was juſt a coming away, when I bethought myſelf to ſay, I come from you."

"From *me!*—"

"Yes, Miſs,—for you know why ſhould I have ſuch a long walk as that for nothing? So I ſays to the porter, ſays I, tell his Lordſhip, ſays I, one wants to ſpeak to him as comes from one Miſs Anville, ſays I."

"Good God," cried I, "and by what authority did you take ſuch a liberty?"

"Goodneſs, Miſs, don't be in ſuch a hurry, for you'll be as glad as me when you hear how well it all turned out. So then they made way for me, and ſaid his Lordſhip would ſee me directly; and there I was led through ſuch a heap of ſervants, and ſo many rooms, that my heart quite miſgave me; for I thought, thinks I, he'll be ſo proud he'll hardly let me ſpeak; but he's no more proud than I am, and he was as civil as if I'd been a lord myſelf. So then I ſaid, I hoped he would n't take it amiſs about the glaſs, for it was quite an

accident; but he bid me not mention it, for it did not signify. And then he said he hoped you got late home, and was n't frightened; and so I said yes, and I gave your duty to him."

"My duty to him!" exclaimed I,—"and who gave you leave?—who desired you?"

"O, I did it of my own head, just to make him think I came from you. But I should have told you before how the footman said he was going out of town to-morrow evening, and that his sister was soon to be married, and that he was a ordering a heap of things for that; so it come into my head, as he was so affable, that I'd ask him for his custom. So I says, says I, my Lord, says I, if your Lordship isn't engaged particularly, my father is a silversmith, and he'd be very proud to serve you, says I; and Miss Anville, as danced with you, is his cousin, and she's my cousin too, and he'd be very much obligated to you, I'm sure."

"You'll drive me wild," (cried I, starting from my seat) "you have done me an irreparable injury;—but I will hear no more!"—and then I ran into my own room.

I was half frantic, I really raved; the good opinion of Lord Orville seemed now irretrievably

irretrievably loſt! a faint hope, which in the morning I had vainly encouraged, that I might ſee him again, and explain the tranſaction, wholly vaniſhed, now I found he was ſo ſoon to leave town? and I could not but conclude that, for the reſt of my life, he would regard me as an object of utter contempt.

The very idea was a dagger to my heart!—I could not ſupport it, and—but I bluſh to proceed—I fear your diſapprobation, yet I ſhould not be conſcious of having merited it, but that the repugnance I feel to relate to you what I have done, makes me ſuſpect I muſt have erred. Will you forgive me, if I own that I *firſt* wrote an account of this tranſaction to Miſs Mirvan?—and that I even thought of *concealing* it from you?—Short-lived, however, was the ungrateful idea, and ſooner will I riſk the juſtice of your diſpleaſure, than unworthily betray your generous confidence.

You are now probably prepared for what follows—which is a letter—a haſty letter, that, in the height of my agitation, I wrote to Lord Orville.

"My Lord,

"I am ſo infinitely aſhamed of the application made yeſterday for your Lord-

ſhip's carriage in my name, and ſo greatly ſhocked at hearing how much it was injured, that I cannot forbear writing a few lines, to clear myſelf from the imputation of an impertinence which I bluſh to be ſuſpected of, and to acquaint you, that the requeſt for your carriage was made againſt my conſent, and the viſit with which you were importuned this morning, without my knowledge.

"I am inexpreſſibly concerned at having been the inſtrument, however innocently, of ſo much trouble to your Lordſhip; but I beg you to believe, that reading theſe lines is the only part of it which I have given voluntarily.

"I am, my Lord,

"Your Lordſhip's moſt humble ſervant,

"EVELINA ANVILLE."

I applied to the maid of the houſe to get this note conveyed to Berkeley-ſquare; but ſcarce had I parted with it, before I regretted having written at all, and I was flying down ſtairs to recover it, when the voice of Sir Clement Willoughby ſtopped me. As Madame Duval had ordered we ſhould be denied to him, I was obliged to return up ſtairs; and after he was gone, my application was too late, as the maid had given it to a porter.

My

My time did not paſs very ſerenely while he was gone; however, he brought me no anſwer, but that Lord Orville was not at home. Whether or not he will take the trouble to ſend any,—or whether he will condeſcend to call,—or whether the affair will reſt as it is, I know not,—but, in being ignorant, am moſt cruelly anxious.

LETTER XXIV.

Evelina in continuation.

July 4.

YOU may now, my dear Sir, ſend Mrs. Clinton for your Evelina with as much ſpeed as ſhe can conveniently make the journey, for no further oppoſition will be made to her leaving this town: happy had it perhaps been for her had ſhe never entered it!

This morning Madame Duval deſired me to go to Snow-hill, with an invitation to the Branghtons and Mr. Smith, to ſpend the evening with her: and ſhe deſired M. Du Bois, who breakfaſted with us, to accompany me. I was very unwilling to obey her, as I neither wiſhed to walk with M. Du Bois, nor yet to meet young Branghton. And, indeed, another, a yet more powerful

reason, added to my reluctance,—for I thought it possible that Lord Orville might send some answer, or perhaps might call, during my absence; however, I did not dare dispute her commands.

Poor M. Du Bois spoke not a word during our walk, which was, I believe, equally unpleasant to us both. We found all the family assembled in the shop. Mr. Smith, the moment he perceived me, addressed himself to Miss Branghton, whom he entertained with all the gallantry in his power. I rejoice to find that my conduct at the Hampstead ball has had so good an effect. But young Branghton was extremely troublesome, he repeatedly laughed in my face, and looked so impertinently significant, that I was obliged to give up my reserve to M. Du Bois, and enter into conversation with him, merely to avoid such boldness.

"Miss," said Mr. Branghton, "I'm sorry to hear from my son that you wasn't pleased with what we did about that Lord Orville; but I should like to know what it was you found fault with, for we did all for the best."

"Goodness!" cried the son, "why if you'd seen Miss, you'd have been surprised—she went out of the room quite in a huff, like."

"It is too late, now," said I, "to reason

upon

upon this subject; but, for the future, I must take the liberty to request, that my name may never be made use of without my knowledge. May I tell Madame Duval that you will do her the favour to accept her invitation?"

"As to me, Ma'am," said Mr. Smith, "I am much obliged to the old lady, but I've no mind to be taken in by her again; you'll excuse me, Ma'am."

All the rest promised to come, and I then took leave: but as I left the shop, I heard Mr. Branghton say, "Take courage, Tom, she's only coy." And, before I had walked ten yards, the youth followed.

I was so much offended that I would not look at him, but began to converse with Mr. Du Bois, who was now more lively than I had ever before seen him; for, most unfortunately, he misinterpreted the reason of my attention to him.

The first intelligence I received when I came home, was, that two gentlemen had called, and left cards. I eagerly enquired for them, and read the names of Lord Orville and Sir Clement Willoughby. I by no means regretted that I missed seeing the latter, but perhaps I may all my life regret that I missed the former, for probably he has now left town,—and I may see him no more!

"My

"My goodneſs!" cried young Branghton, rudely looking over me, "only think of that Lord's coming all this way! It's my belief he'd got ſome order ready for father, and ſo he'd a mind to call and aſk you if I'd told him the truth."

"Pray, Betty," cried I, "how long has he been gone?"

"Not two minutes, Ma'am."

"Why then I'll lay you any wager," ſaid young Branghton, "he ſaw you and I a-walking up Holborn Hill!"

"God forbid!" cried I, impatiently; and, too much chagrined to bear with any more of his remarks, I ran up ſtairs: but I heard him ſay to M. Du Bois, "Miſs is ſo *ppiſh* this morning, that I think I had better not ſpeak to her again."

I wiſh M. Du Bois had taken the ſame reſolution; but he choſe to follow me into the dining-room, which he found empty.

"*Vous ne l'aimez donc pas, ce garçon, Mademoiſelle!*" cried he.

"Me!" cried I, "no, I deteſt him!" for I was quite ſick at heart.

"*Ah, tu me rends la vie!*" cried he, and flinging himſelf at my feet, he had juſt caught my hand, as the door was opened by Madame Duval.

Haſtily, and with marks of guilty confuſion in his face, he aroſe; but the rage

of

of that lady quite amazed me! advancing to the retreating M. Du Bois, she began, in French, an attack which her extreme wrath and wonderful volubility almost rendered unintelligible; yet I understood but too much, since her reproaches convinced me she had herself proposed being the object of his affection.

He defended himself in a weak and evasive manner, and upon her commanding him from her sight, very readily withdrew; and then, with yet greater violence, she upbraided me with having *seduced* his heart, called me an ungrateful, designing girl, and protested she would neither take me to Paris, nor any more interest herself in my affairs, unless I would instantly agree to marry young Branghton.

Frightened as I had been at her vehemence, this proposal restored all my courage; and I frankly told her that in this point I never could obey her. More irritated than ever, she ordered me to quit the room.

Such is the present situation of affairs. I shall excuse myself from seeing the Branghtons this afternoon: indeed, I never wish to see them again. I am sorry, however innocently, that I have displeased Madame Duval, yet I shall be very glad to quit this town, for I believe it does not, now, contain

tain one person I ever wish to again meet. Had I but seen Lord Orville, I should regret nothing; I could then have more fully explained what I so hastily wrote; yet it will always be a pleasure to me to recollect that he called, since I flatter myself it was in consequence of his being satisfied with my letter.

Adieu, my dear Sir; the time now approaches when I hope once more to receive your blessing, and to owe all my joy, all my happiness, to your kindness.

LETTER XXV.

Mr. Villars to Evelina.

Berry Hill, July 7.

WELCOME, thrice welcome, my darling Evelina, to the arms of the truest, the fondest of your friends! Mrs. Clinton, who shall hasten to you with these lines, will conduct you directly hither, for I can consent no longer to be parted from the child of my bosom!—the comfort of my age!—the sweet solace of all my infirmities! Your worthy friends at Howard Grove must pardon me that I rob them of the visit you proposed to make them before

your

your return to Berry Hill, for I find my fortitude unequal to a longer ſeparation.

I have much to ſay to you, many comments to make upon your late letters, ſome parts of which give me no little uneaſineſs, but I will reſerve my remarks for our future converſations. Haſten, then, to the ſpot of thy nativity, the abode of thy youth, where never yet care or ſorrow had power to annoy thee;—O that they might ever be baniſhed this peaceful dwelling!

Adieu, my deareſt Evelina! I pray but that thy ſatisfaction at our approaching meeting may bear any compariſon with mine!

ARTHUR VILLARS.

LETTER XXVI.

Evelina in Miſs Mirvan.

Berry Hill, July 7.

MY ſweet Maria will be much ſurpriſed, and, I am willing to flatter myſelf, concerned, when, inſtead of her friend, ſhe receives this letter; to this cool, this inanimate letter, which will but ill expreſs the feelings of the heart which indites it.

When I wrote to you laſt Friday, I was in

in hourly expectation of seeing Mrs. Clinton, with whom I intended to have set out for Howard Grove. Mrs. Clinton came, but my plan was necessarily altered, for she brought me a letter,—the sweetest that ever was penned, from the best and kindest friend that ever orphan was blest with, requiring my immediate attendance at Berry Hill.

I obeyed,—and pardon me if I own I obeyed without reluctance; after so long a separation, should I not else have been the most ungrateful of mortals?—And yet,—oh Maria! though I *wished* to leave London, the gratification of my wish afforded me no happiness; and though I felt an impatience inexpressible to return hither, no words, no language can explain the heaviness of heart with which I made the journey. I believe you would hardly have known me;—indeed, I hardly know myself. Perhaps had I first seen *you*, in your kind and sympathizing bosom I might have ventured to have reposed every secret of my soul; and then—but let me pursue my journal.

Mrs. Clinton delivered Madame Duval a letter from Mr. Villars, which requested her leave for my return, and, indeed, it was very readily accorded; yet, when she found, by my willingness to quit town, that M. Du Bois was really indifferent to me,

she

she somewhat softened in my favour, and declared that, but for punishing his folly in thinking of such a child, she would not have consented to my being again buried in the country.

All the Branghtons called to take leave of me: but I will not write a word more about them; indeed I cannot with any patience think of that family, to whose forwardness and impertinence is owing all the uneasiness I at this moment suffer!

So great was the depression of my spirits upon the road, that it was with difficulty I could persuade the worthy Mrs. Clinton I was not ill: but alas, the situation of my mind was such as would have rendered any mere bodily pain, by comparison, even enviable!

And yet, when we arrived at Berry Hill, —when the chaise stopped at this place,— how did my heart throb with joy! And when, through the window, I beheld the dearest, the most venerable of men, with uplifted hands, returning, as I doubt not, thanks for my safe arrival,—good God! I thought it would have burst my bosom!—I opened the chaise-door myself, I flew,—for my feet did not seem to touch the ground,—into the parlour; he had risen to meet me, but the moment I appeared, he sunk into his chair, uttering with a deep sigh,

figh, though his face beamed with delight, "My God, I thank thee!"

I sprung forward, and with a pleasure that bordered upon agony, I embraced his knees, I kissed his hands, I wept over them, but could not speak; while he, now raising his eyes in thankfulness towards heaven, now bowing down his reverend head, and folding me in his arms, could scarce articulate the blessings with which his kind and benevolent heart overflowed.

O Miss Mirvan, to be so beloved by the best of men,—should I not be happy?—Should I have one wish save that of meriting his goodness?—Yet think me not ungrateful, indeed I am not, although the internal sadness of my mind unfits me, at present, for enjoying as I ought the bounties of Providence.

—I cannot journalize, I cannot arrange my ideas into order.

How little has situation to do with happiness! I had flattered myself that, when restored to Berry Hill, I should be restored to tranquility: Yet otherwise have I found it, for never yet had tranquility and Evelina so little intercourse.

I blush for what I have written. Can you, Maria, forgive my gravity? but I restrain it so much and so painfully in the presence of Mr. Villars, that I know not how

how to deny myself the consolation of indulging it to you.

Adieu, my dear Miss Maryau.

Yet one thing I must add; do not let the seriousness of this letter deceive you; do not impute to a wrong cause the melancholy I confess, by supposing that the heart of your friend mourns a too great susceptibility: no, indeed! believe me it never was, never can be, more assuredly her own than at this moment. So witness in all truth,

Your affectionate,

EVELINA.

You will make my excuses to the honoured Lady Howard, and to your dear mother.

LETTER XXVII.

Evelina in continuation.

Berry Hill, July 11.

YOU accuse me of mystery, and charge me with reserve: I cannot doubt, but I must have merited the accusation;—yet, to clear myself,—you know not how painful will be the task. But I cannot resist your kind entreaties,—indeed, I do not wish to resist them, for your friendship and affection

affection will soothe my chagrin. Had it arisen from any other cause, not a moment would I have deferred the communication you ask; — but, as it is, I would, were it possible, not only conceal it from all the world, but endeavour to disbelieve it myself. Yet, since I *must* tell you, why trifle with your impatience?

I know not how to come to the point; twenty times have I attempted it in vain; — but I will *force* myself to proceed.

Oh, Miss Mirvan, could you ever have believed, that one who seemed formed as a pattern for his fellow-creatures, as a model of perfection, — one whose elegance surpassed all description, — whose sweetness of manners disgraced all comparison, — Oh, Miss Mirvan, could you ever have believed that *Lord Orville* would have treated me with indignity?

Never, never again will I trust to appearances, — never confide in my own weak judgment, — never believe that person to be good, who seems to be amiable! What cruel maxims are we taught by a knowledge of the world! — But while my own reflections absorb me, I forget you are still in suspense.

I had just finished the last letter which I wrote to you from London, when the maid of the house brought me a note. It was

given

given to her, she said, by a footman, who told her he would call the next day for an answer.

This note,—but let it speak for itself.

To Miss Anville.

"With transport, most charming of thy sex, did I read the letter with which you yesterday morning favoured me. I am sorry the affair of the carriage should have given you any concern, but I am highly flattered by the anxiety you express so kindly. Believe me, my lovely girl, I am truly sensible of the honour of your good opinion, and feel myself deeply penetrated with love and gratitude. The correspondence you have so sweetly commenced I shall be proud of continuing, and I hope the strong sense I have of the favour you do me, will prevent your withdrawing it. Assure yourself that I desire nothing more ardently, than to pour forth my thanks at your feet, and to offer those vows which are so justly the tribute of your charms and accomplishments. In your next, I entreat you to acquaint me how long you shall remain in town. The servant whom I shall commission to call for an answer, has orders to ride post with it to me. My impatience for his arrival will be very great, though inferior

to

so that with which I burn, to tell you, in person, how much I am, my sweet girl,

Your grateful admirer,

ORVILLE."

What a letter! how has my proud heart swelled, every line I have copied! What I wrote to him you know; tell me then, my dear friend, do you think it merited such an answer?—and that I have deservedly incurred the liberty he has taken? I meant nothing but a simple apology, which I thought as much due to my own character, as to his; yet, by the construction he seems to have put upon it, should you not have imagined it contained the avowal of sentiments which might, indeed, have provoked his contempt?

The moment the letter was delivered to me, I retired to my own room to read it, and so eager was my first perusal, that,—I am ashamed to own it gave me no sensation but of delight. Unsuspicious of any impropriety from Lord Orville, I perceived not immediately the impertinence it implied,—I only marked the expressions of his own regard; and I was so much surprised, that I was unable, for some time, to compose myself, or read it again,—I could only walk up and down the room, repeating to myself, "Good God, is it possible?

possible?—am I, then, loved by Lord Orville?"

But this dream was soon over, and I awoke to far different feelings; upon a second reading, I thought every word changed,—it did not seem the same letter,—I could not find one sentence that I could look at without blushing: my astonishment was extreme, and it was succeeded by the utmost indignation.

If, as I am very ready to acknowledge, I erred in writing to Lord Orville, was it for *him* to punish the error? If he was offended, could he not have been silent? If he thought my letter ill-judged, should he not have pitied my ignorance? have considered my youth, and allowed for my inexperience?

Oh Maria, how have I been deceived in this man! Words have no power to tell the high opinion I had of him; to that was owing the unfortunate solicitude which prompted my writing,—a solicitude I must for ever repent!

Yet perhaps I have rather reason to rejoice than to grieve, since this affair has shewn me his real disposition, and removed that partiality, which, covering his every imperfection, left only his virtues and good qualities exposed to view. Had the deception continued much longer, had my mind

received any additional prejudice in his favour, who knows whither my miſtaken ideas might have led me? Indeed, I fear I was in greater danger than I apprehended, or can now think of without trembling,—for oh, if this weak heart of mine had been penetrated with too deep an impreſſion of his merit,—my peace and happineſs had been loſt for ever!

I would fain encourage more chearful thoughts, fain drive from my mind the melancholy that has taken poſſeſſion of it,—but I cannot ſucceed; for, added to the humiliating feelings which ſo powerfully oppreſs me, I have yet another cauſe of concern;—alas, my dear Maria, I have broken the tranquillity of the beſt of men!

I have never had the courage to ſhew him this cruel letter: I could not bear ſo greatly to depreciate in his opinion, one whom I had, with infinite anxiety, raiſed in it myſelf. Indeed, my firſt determination was to confine my chagrin totally to my own boſom; but your friendly enquiries have drawn it from me; and now I wiſh I had made no concealment from the beginning, ſince I know not how to account for a gravity which not all my endeavours can entirely hide or repreſs.

My greateſt apprehenſion is, leſt he ſhould imagine that my reſidence in London

don has given me a diſtaſte to the country. Every body I ſee takes notice of my being altered, and looking pale and ill. I ſhould be very indifferent to all ſuch obſervations, did I not perceive that they draw upon me the eyes of Mr. Villars, which gliſten with affectionate concern.

This morning, in ſpeaking of my London expedition, he mentioned Lord Orville. I felt ſo much diſturbed, that I would inſtantly have changed the ſubject; but he would not allow me, and, very unexpectedly, he began his panegyric, extolling, in ſtrong terms, his manly and honourable behaviour in regard to the Marybone adventure. My cheeks glowed with indignation every word he ſpoke;—ſo lately as I had myſelf fancied him the nobleſt of his ſex, now that I was ſo well convinced of my miſtake, I could not bear to hear his undeſerved praiſes uttered by one ſo really good, ſo unſuſpecting, ſo pure of heart!

What he thought of my ſilence and uneaſineſs I fear to know, but I hope he will mention the ſubject no more. I will not, however, with ungrateful indolence, give way to a ſadneſs which I find infectious to him who merits the moſt chearful exertion of my ſpirits. I am thankful that he has forborne to probe my wound, and I will endeavour to heal it by the conſciouſneſs

that I have not deserved the indignity I have received. Yet I cannot but lament to find myself in a world so deceitful, where we must suspect what we see, distrust what we hear, and doubt even what we feel!

LETTER XXVIII.

Evelina in continuation.

Berry Hill, July 29.

I Must own myself somewhat distressed how to answer your raillery; yet believe me, my dear Maria, your suggestions are those of *fancy*, not of *truth*: I am unconscious of the weakness you suspect; yet, to dispel your doubts, I will animate myself more than ever to conquer my chagrin, and to recover my spirits.

You wonder, you say, since my *heart* takes no part in this affair, why it should make me so unhappy? And can you, acquainted as you are with the high opinion I entertained of Lord Orville, can you wonder that so great a disappointment in his character should affect me? indeed, had so strange a letter been sent to me from *any* body, it could not have failed shocking me; how much more sensibly, then, must I feel such

ſuch an affront, when received from the man in the world I had imagined leaſt capable of giving it?

You are glad I made no reply; aſſure yourſelf, my dear friend, had this letter been the moſt reſpectful that could be written, the clandeſtine air given to it, by his propoſal of ſending his ſervant for my anſwer, inſtead of having it directed to his houſe, would effectually have prevented my writing. Indeed, I have an averſion the moſt ſincere to all myſteries, all private actions; however fooliſhly and blameably, in regard to this letter, I have deviated from the open path which, from my earlieſt infancy, I was taught to tread.

He talks of my having *commenced a correſpondence* with him; and could Lord Orville indeed believe I had ſuch a deſign? believe me ſo forward, ſo bold, ſo ſtrangely ridiculous? I know not if his man called or not, but I rejoice that I quitted London before he came, and without leaving any meſſage for him. What, indeed, could I have ſaid? it would have been a condeſcenſion very unmerited to have taken any, the leaſt notice of ſuch a letter.

Never ſhall I ceaſe to wonder how he could write it. Oh, Maria, what, what could induce him ſo cauſeleſsly to wound and affront one who would ſooner have died

than wilfully offended *him*?—How mortifying a freedom of ſtyle! how cruel an implication conveyed by his *thanks*, and expreſſions of gratitude! Is it not aſtoniſhing, that any man can *appear* ſo modeſt, who is ſo vain.

Every hour I regret the ſecrecy I have obſerved with my beloved Mr. Villars; I know not what bewitched me, but I felt, at firſt, a repugnance to publiſhing this affair that I could not ſurmount,—and now, I am aſhamed of confeſſing that I have any thing to confeſs! Yet I deſerve to be puniſhed for the falſe delicacy which occaſioned my ſilence; ſince, if Lord Orville himſelf was contented to forfeit his character, was it for me, almoſt at the expence of my own, to ſupport it?

Yet I believe I ſhould be very eaſy, now the firſt ſhock is over, and now that I ſee the whole affair, with the reſentment it merits, did not all my good friends in this neighbourhood, who think me extremely altered, teaze me about my gravity, and torment Mr. Villars with obſervations upon my dejection, and falling away. The ſubject is no ſooner ſtarted, than a deep gloom overſpreads his venerable countenance, and he looks at me with a tenderneſs ſo melancholy, that I know not how to endure the conſciouſneſs of exciting it.

Mrs.

Mrs. Selwyn, a lady of large fortune, who lives about three miles from Berry Hill, and who has always honoured me with very diſtinguiſhing marks of regard, is going, in a ſhort time, to Briſtol, and has propoſed to Mr. Villars to take me with her, for the recovery of my health. He ſeemed very much diſtreſſed whether to conſent or refuſe; but I, without any heſitation, warmly oppoſed the ſcheme, proteſting my health could no where be better than in this pure air. He had the goodneſs to thank me for this readineſs to ſtay with him: but he is all goddneſs! Oh that it were in my power to be, indeed, what in the kindneſs of his heart he has called me, the comfort of his age, and ſolace of his infirmities!

Never do I wiſh to be again ſeparated from him. If here I am grave, elſewhere I ſhould be unhappy. In his preſence, with a very little exertion, all the chearfulneſs of my diſpoſition ſeems ready to return; the benevolence of his countenance reanimates, the harmony of his temper compoſes, the purity of his character edifies me! I owe to him every thing; and, far from finding my debt of gratitude a weight, the firſt pride, firſt pleaſure of my life is the recollection of the obligations conferred upon me by a goodneſs ſo unequalled.

Once, indeed, I thought there existed another, who, when *time had withered o'er his locks*, would have shone forth among his fellow-creatures, with the same brightness of worth which dignifies my honoured Mr. Villars; a brightness, how superior in value to that which results from mere quickness of parts, wit, or imagination! a brightness, which, not contented with merely diffusing smiles, and gaining admiration from the sallies of the spirits, reflects a real and a glorious lustre upon all mankind! Oh how great was my error! how ill did I judge! how cruelly have I been deceived!

I will not go to Bristol, though Mrs. Selwyn is very urgent with me;—but I desire not to see any more of the world; the few months I have already passed in it, have sufficed to give me a disgust even to its name.

I hope, too, I shall see Lord Orville no more; accustomed, from my first knowledge of him, to regard him as a *being superior to his race*, his presence, perhaps, might banish my resentment, and I might forget his ill conduct,—for oh, Maria!—I should not know how to see *Lord Orville*—and to think of displeasure!

As a sister I loved him,—I could have entrusted him with every thought of my heart, had he deigned to wish my confi-

dence;

dence; so steady did I think his honour, so *feminine* his delicacy, and so amiable his nature! I have a thousand times imagined that the whole study of his life, and whole purport of his reflections, tended solely to the good and happiness of others;—but I will talk,—write,—think of him no more!

Adieu, my dear friend!

LETTER XXIX.

Evelina in continuation.

Berry Hill, August 10.

YOU complain of my silence, my dear Miss Mirvan,—but what have I to write? Narrative does not offer, nor does a lively imagination supply the deficiency. I have, however, at present, sufficient matter for a letter, in relating a conversation I had yesterday with Mr. Villars.

Our breakfast had been the most cheerful we have had since my return hither; and, when it was over, he did not, as usual, retire to his study, but continued to converse with me while I worked. We might, probably, have passed all the morning thus sociably, but for the entrance of a farmer,

who came to ſolicit advice concerning ſome domeſtic affairs. They withdrew together into the ſtudy.

The moment I was alone, my ſpirits failed me; the exertion with which I had ſupported them, had fatigued my mind; I flung away my work, and leaning my arms on the table, gave way to a train of diſagreeable reflections, which, burſting from the reſtraint that had ſmothered them, filled me with unuſual ſadneſs.

This was my ſituation, when, looking towards the door, which was open, I perceived Mr. Villars, who was earneſtly regarding me. "Is Farmer Smith gone, Sir?" cried I, haſtily riſing, and ſnatching up my work.

"Don't let me diſturb you," ſaid he, gravely, "I will go again to my ſtudy."

"Will you, Sir?—I was in hopes you were coming to ſit here."

"In hopes!—and why, Evelina, ſhould you hope it?"

This queſtion was ſo unexpected, that I knew not how to anſwer it; but, as I ſaw he was moving away, I followed, and begged him to return. "No, my dear, no," ſaid he, with a forced ſmile, "I only interrupt your meditations."

Again I knew not what to ſay; and while I heſitated, he retired. My heart was with

him,

him, but I had not the courage to follow. The idea of an explanation, brought on in ſo ſerious a manner, frightened me. I recollected the inference *you* had drawn from my uneaſineſs, and I feared that he might make a ſimilar interpretation.

Solitary and thoughtful, I paſſed the reſt of the morning in my own room. At dinner I again attempted to be chearful; but Mr. Villars himſelf was grave, and I had not ſufficient ſpirits to ſupport a converſation merely by my own efforts. As ſoon as dinner was over he took a book, and I walked to the window. I believe I remained near an hour in this ſituation. All my thoughts were directed to conſidering how I might diſpel the doubts which I apprehended Mr. Villars had formed, without acknowledging a circumſtance which I had ſuffered ſo much pain merely to conceal. But, while I was thus planning for the future, I forgot the preſent; and ſo intent was I upon the ſubject which occupied me, that the ſtrange appearance of my unuſual inactivity and extreme thoughtfulneſs, never occurred to me. But when, at laſt, I recollected myſelf, and turned round, I ſaw that Mr. Villars, who had parted with his book, was wholly engroſſed in attending to me. I ſtarted from my reverie, and,

hardly knowing what I ſaid, aſked if he had been reading?

He pauſed a moment, and then replied, "Yes, my child;—a book that both afflicts and perplexes me!"

He means *me*, thought I;—and therefore I made no anſwer.

"What if we read it together?" continued he, "will you aſſiſt me to clear its obſcurity?"

I knew not what to ſay, but I ſighed, involuntarily, from the bottom of my heart. He roſe, and, approaching me, ſaid, with emotion, "My child, I can no longer be a ſilent witneſs of thy ſorrow,—is not *thy* ſorrow *my* ſorrow?—and ought I to be a ſtranger to the cauſe, when I ſo deeply ſympathiſe in the effect?

"Cauſe, Sir!" cried I, greatly alarmed, "what cauſe?—I don't know,—I can't tell—I—"

"Fear not," ſaid he, kindly, "to unboſom thyſelf to me, my deareſt Evelina; open to me thy whole heart,—it can have no feelings for which I will not make allowance. Tell me, therefore, what it is that thus afflicts us both, and who knows but I may ſuggeſt ſome means of relief?"

"You are too, too good," cried I, greatly embarraſſed; "but indeed I know not what you mean."

"I ſee,"

"I ſee," ſaid he, "it is painful to you to ſpeak: ſuppoſe then, I endeavour to ſave you by gueſſing?"

"Impoſſible! impoſſible!" cried I, eagerly, "no one living could ever gueſs, ever ſuppoſe—" I ſtopped abruptly; for I then recollected I was acknowledging ſomething *was* to be gueſſed: however, he noticed not my miſtake.

"At leaſt let me try," anſwered he, mildly; "perhaps I may be a better diviner than you imagine: if I gueſs every thing that is probable, ſurely I muſt approach near the real reaſon. Be honeſt, then, my love, and ſpeak without reſerve,—does not the country, after ſo much gaiety, ſo much variety, does it not appear inſipid and tireſome?"

"No, indeed! I love it more than ever, and more than ever do I wiſh I had never, never quitted it!"

"Oh my child! that I had not permitted the journey! My judgment always oppoſed it, but my reſolution was not proof againſt perſuaſion."

"I bluſh, indeed," cried I, "to recollect my earneſtneſs;—but I have been my own puniſher!"

"It is too late, now," anſwered he, "to reflect upon this ſubject; let us endeavour to avoid repentance for the time to come, and

and we ſhall not have erred without reaping ſome inſtruction." Then ſeating himſelf, and making me ſit by him, he continued: "I muſt now gueſs again; perhaps you regret the loſs of thoſe friends you knew in town,—perhaps you miſs their ſociety, and fear you may ſee them no more?—perhaps Lord Orville——"

I could not keep my ſeat, but riſing haſtily, ſaid, "Dear Sir, aſk me nothing more!—for I have nothing to own,—nothing to ſay;—my gravity has been merely accidental, and I can give no reaſon for it at all. Shall I fetch you another book?—or will you have this again?"

For ſome minutes he was totally ſilent, and I pretended to employ myſelf in looking for a book: at laſt, with a deep ſigh, "I ſee," ſaid he, "I ſee but too plainly, that though Evelina is returned,—I have loſt my child!"

"No, Sir, no," cried I, inexpreſſibly ſhocked, "ſhe is more your's than ever! Without you, the world would be a deſart to her, and life a burthen;—forgive her, then, and,—if you can,—condeſcend to be, once more, the confidant of all her thoughts."

"How highly I value, how greatly I wiſh for her confidence," returned he, "ſhe cannot but know;—yet to extort, to tear it from her,—my juſtice, my affection,

both revolt at the idea. I am ſorry that I was ſo earneſt with you;—leave me, my dear, leave me, and compoſe yourſelf;—we will meet again at tea."

"Do you then refuſe to hear me?"

"No, but I abhor to compel you. I have long ſeen that your mind has been ill at eaſe, and mine has largely partaken of your concern: I forbore to queſtion you, for I hoped that time, and abſence from whatever excited your uneaſineſs, might beſt operate in ſilence: but, alas! your affliction ſeems only to augment,—your health declines,—your look alters,—Oh Evelina, my aged heart bleeds to ſee the change!—bleeds to behold the darling it had cheriſhed, the prop it had reared for its ſupport, when bowed down by years and infirmities, ſinking itſelf under the preſſure of internal grief!—ſtruggling to hide, what it ſhould ſeek to participate!—But go, my dear, go to your own room,—we both want compoſure, and we will talk of this matter ſome other time."

"Oh Sir," cried I, penetrated to the ſoul, "bid me not leave you!—think me not ſo loſt to feeling, to gratitude—"

"Not a word of that," interrupted he; "it pains me you ſhould think upon that ſubject; pains me you ſhould ever remember that you have not a natural, an hereditary

tary right to every thing within my power. I meant not to affect you thus,—I hoped to have ſoothed you!—but my anxiety betrayed me to an urgency that has diſtreſſed you. Comfort yourſelf, my love, and doubt not but that time will ſtand your friend, and all will end well."

I burſt into tears: with difficulty had I ſo long reſtrained them; for my heart, while it glowed with tenderneſs and gratitude, was oppreſſed with a ſenſe of its own unworthineſs. "You are all, all goodneſs!" cried I, in a voice ſcarce audible, "little as I deſerve,—unable as I am to repay, ſuch kindneſs,—yet my whole ſoul feels,—thanks you for it!"

"My deareſt child," cried he, "I cannot bear to ſee thy tears;—for my ſake dry them,—ſuch a ſight is too much for me: think of that, Evelina, and take comfort, I charge thee!"

"Say then," cried I, kneeling at his feet, "ſay then that you forgive me! that you pardon my reſerve,—that you will again ſuffer me to tell you my moſt ſecret thoughts, and rely upon my promiſe never more to forfeit your confidence!—my father! my protector!—my ever-honoured—ever-loved—my beſt and only friend!—ſay you forgive your Evelina, and ſhe will ſtudy better to deſerve your goodneſs!"

He

He raiſed, he embraced me; he called me his ſole joy, his only earthly hope, and the child of his boſom! He folded me to his heart, and, while I wept from the fullneſs of mine, with words of ſweeteſt kindneſs and conſolation, he ſoothed and tranquiliſed me.

Dear to my remembrance will ever be that moment, when, baniſhing the reſerve I had ſo fooliſhly planned and ſo painfully ſupported, I was reſtored to the confidence of the beſt of men!

When, at length, we were again quietly and compoſedly ſeated by each other, and Mr. Villars waited for the explanation I had begged him to hear, I found myſelf extremely embarraſſed how to introduce the ſubject which muſt lead to it. He ſaw my diſtreſs, and, with a kind of benevolent pleaſantry, aſked me if I would let him *gueſs* any more? I aſſented in ſilence.

"Shall I, then, go back to where I left off?"

"If—if you pleaſe;—I believe ſo,—" ſaid I, ſtammering.

"Well then, my love, I think I was ſpeaking of the regret it was natural you ſhould feel upon quitting thoſe from whom you had received civility and kindneſs, with ſo little certainty of ever ſeeing them again, or being able to return their good offices?

These are circumstances that afford but melancholy reflections to young minds; and the affectionate disposition of my Evelina, open to all social feelings, must be hurt more than usual by such considerations.—You are silent, my dear?—Shall I name those whom I think most worthy the regret I speak of? We shall then see if our opinions coincide."

Still I said nothing, and he continued.

"In your London journal, nobody appears in a more amiable, a more respectable light, than Lord Orville, and perhaps——"

"I knew what you would say," cried I, hastily, "and I have long feared where your suspicions would fall; but indeed, Sir, you are mistaken: I hate Lord Orville,—he is the last man in the world in whose favour I should be prejudiced."

I stopped; for Mr. Villars looked at me with such infinite surprise, that my own warmth made me blush. "You *hate* Lord Orville!" repeated he.

I could make no answer, but took from my pocket-book the letter, and giving it to him, "See, Sir," said I, "how differently the same man can *talk* and *write*!"

He read it three times before he spoke; and then said, "I am so much astonished, that I know

know not what I read. When had you this letter?"

I told him. Again he read it; and, after conſidering its contents ſome time, ſaid, "I can form but one conjecture concerning this moſt extraordinary performance: he muſt certainly have been intoxicated when he wrote it."

"Lord Orville intoxicated!" repeated I; "once I thought him a ſtranger to all intemperance,—but it is very poſſible, for I can believe any thing now."

"That a man who had behaved with ſo ſtrict a regard to delicacy," continued Mr. Villars, "and who, as far as occaſion had allowed, manifeſted ſentiments the moſt honourable, ſhould thus inſolently, thus wantonly inſult a modeſt young woman, in his perfect ſenſes, I cannot think poſſible. But, my dear, you ſhould have incloſed this letter in an empty cover, and have returned it to him again: ſuch a reſentment would at once have become *your* character, and have given him an opportunity, in ſome meaſure, of clearing his own. He could not well have read this letter the next morning, without being ſenſible of the impropriety of having written it."

Oh Maria! why had not I this thought? I might then have received ſome apology; the mortification would then have been *his*, not

not *mine*. It is true, he could not have reinſtated himſelf ſo highly in my opinion as I had once ignorantly placed him, ſince the conviction of ſuch intemperance would have levelled him with the reſt of his imperfect race; yet, my humbled pride might have been conſoled by his acknowledgments.

But why ſhould I allow myſelf to be humbled by a man who can ſuffer his reaſon to be thus abjectly debaſed, when I am exalted by one who knows no vice, and ſcarcely a failing,—but by hearſay? To think of his kindneſs, and reflect upon his praiſes, might animate and comfort me even in the midſt of affliction. "Your indignation," ſaid he, "is the reſult of virtue; you fancied Lord Orville was without fault—he had the appearance of infinite worthineſs, and you ſuppoſed his character accorded with his appearance: guileleſs yourſelf, how could you prepare againſt the duplicity of another? Your diſappointment has but been proportioned to your expectations, and you have chiefly owed its ſeverity to the innocence which hid its approach."

I will bid theſe words dwell ever in my memory, and they ſhall cheer, comfort, and enliven me! This converſation, though extremely affecting to me at the time it paſſed, has relieved my mind from much anxiety.

anxiety. Concealment, my dear Maria, is the foe of tranquillity; however I may err in future, I will never be disingenuous in acknowledging my errors. To you, and to Mr. Villars, I vow an unremitting confidence.

And yet, though I am more at ease, I am far from well: I have been some time writing this letter; but I hope I shall send you, soon, a more chearful one.

Adieu, my sweet friend. I entreat you not to acquaint even your dear mother with this affair; Lord Orville is a favourite with her, and why should I publish that he deserves not that honour?

LETTER XXX.

Evelina in continuation.

Bristol Hotwell, August 28.

YOU will be again surprised, my dear Maria, at seeing whence I date my letter: but I have been very ill, and Mr. Villars was so much alarmed, that he not only insisted upon my accompanying Mrs. Selwyn hither, but earnestly desired she would hasten her intended journey.

We

We travelled very ſlowly, and I did not find myſelf ſo much fatigued as I expected. We are ſituated upon a moſt delightful ſpot; the proſpect is beautiful, the air pure, and the weather very favourable to invalids. I am already better, and I doubt not but I ſhall ſoon be well; as well, in regard to mere health, as I wiſh to be.

I cannot expreſs the reluctance with which I parted from my revered Mr. Villars: it was not like that parting which, laſt April, preceded my journey to Howard Grove, when, all expectation and hope, though I wept, I rejoiced, and though I ſincerely grieved to leave him, I yet wiſhed to be gone: the ſorrow I now felt was unmixed with any livelier ſenſation; expectation was vaniſhed, and hope I had none! All that I held moſt dear upon earth I quitted, and that upon an errand to the ſucceſs of which I was totally indifferent, the re-eſtabliſhment of my health. Had it been to have ſeen my ſweet Maria, or her dear mother, I ſhould not have repined.

Mrs. Selwyn is very kind and attentive to me. She is extremely clever; her underſtanding, indeed, may be called *maſculine*; but, unfortunately, her manners deſerve the ſame epithet; for, in ſtudying to acquire the knowledge of the other ſex, ſhe has loſt all the ſoftneſs of her own. In regard

gard to myſelf, however, as I have neither courage nor inclination to argue with her, I have never been perſonally hurt at her want of gentleneſs; a virtue which, nevertheleſs, ſeems ſo eſſential a part of the female character, that I find myſelf more awkward, and leſs at eaſe, with a woman who wants it, than I do with a man. She is not a favourite with Mr. Villars, who has often been diſguſted at her unmerciful propenſity to ſatire: but his anxiety that I ſhould try the effect of the Briſtol waters, overcame his diſlike of committing me to her care. Mrs. Clinton is alſo here; ſo that I ſhall be as well attended as his utmoſt partiality could deſire.

I will continue to write to you, my dear Miſs Mirvan, with as much conſtancy as if I had no other correſpondent; though during my abſence from Berry Hill, my letters may, perhaps, be ſhortened on account of the minuteneſs of the journal which I muſt write to my beloved Mr. Villars: but you, who know his expectations, and how many ties bind me to fulfil them, will, I am ſure, rather excuſe any omiſſion to yourſelf, than any negligence to him.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

Continuation from Vol. I.

Of PLAYS, with elegant Engravings, in the NEW ENGLISH THEATRE.

Printed for J. Rivington and Sons, J. Dodsley, T. Lowndes, T. Caslon, W. Nicoll, S. Bladon, &c.

26. OROONOKO; Mr. Savigny as Oroonoko.
27. George Barnwell; Mr. Brereton as Barnwell.
28. Tamerlane; Mr. Palmer and Miss Hopkins as Bajazet and Selima.
29. Venice Preserved; Mr. Bensley as Pierre.
30. Distreſt Mother; Mrs. Hartley as Andromache, by Sherwin. Vignette by Signora Angelica Kauffman and Signior Bartolozzi.
31. Provok'd Husband; Mr. Macklin and Mr. Dunstall as Sir Francis Wronghead and John Moody.
32. Love makes a Man; Mr. Dodd as Clodio.
33. Drummer; Mr. Parsons and Miss Pope as Vellum and Abigail.
34. Careleſs Husband; Mrs. Abingdon as Lady Betty Modish.
35. Funeral; Mr. Clarke and Mr. Quick as Lord Brompton and Mr. Sable. Vignettes by West and Byrne.
36. Earl of Essex; Mrs. Melmoth as Queen Elizabeth.
37. Barbaroſſa; Mr. Bensley and Miss Macklin as Barbaroſſa and Irene.
38. Mahomet; Mr. Bensley as Mahomet.
39. All for Love; Mrs. Yates as Cleopatra.
40. Jane Gray; Mrs Hartley as Jane Gray, by Sherwin. Vignette by Edwards and Hall.
41. Amphytrion; Mr. Woodward as Sosia.
42. Double Dealer; Mr. Palmer and Mrs. Gardiner as Careleſs and Lady Pliant.
43. Inconstant; Mr. Wilson as Old Mirabel.
44. Double Gallant; Mrs. Abingdon as Lady Sadlife.
45. Constant Couple; Mrs. Barry as Sir Harry Wildair. Vignette by Signora Angelica Kauffman and Mr. Collier.
46. Siege of Damascus; Mr. Smith as Phocyas.
47. Theodosius; Mr. Wroughton as Theodosius.
48. Cato; Mrs. Hartley as Marcia.
49. Douglas; Mr. Lewis as Douglas.
50. Zara; Miss Young and Mr. Garrick as Zara and Lusignan. Vignette by West and Byrne.
51. City Wives Confederacy; Miss Pope as Corinna.
52. Country Wife; Miss P. Hopkins as Miss Peggy.
53. Minor; Mr. Foote as Mrs. Cole.
54. Wonder; Mr. Garrick as Don Felix.
55. Chances; Mr. Garrick as Don John. Vignette by Mortimer and Walker.
56. Medea; Mrs. Yates as Medea.
57. Grecian Daughter; Mr. J. Aikin as Phocion.
58. Roman Father; Mr. Henderson as Horatius.
59. Brothers; Mr. Garrick as Demetrius.
60. Isabella, or the Fatal Marriage; Mr. Henderson as Count Biron. Vignette by Mortimer and Hall.